

THE EGOIST

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LIBERATIONS :

Studies of Individuality in Contemporary Music.

BY LEIGH HENRY.

I.

PRELUDE.

MUSIC as all other arts must be evolutionary to justify its existence. There have entered into life many hitherto unrecognised elements consequent upon the changed environment of humanity, and if art is to be of any avail it must be cognisant of these facts: it must be a record of its epoch, not an inert sentimentalism stagnant with out-worn tradition. It is for the musical artist not slavishly to imitate precedent, but to continue the expression of art progressively without wasting energy upon repetition. Virility above all else is the most necessary element, and if at times an overflow of superabundant energy produces work which is seemingly freakish we have yet to be thankful that such productions emanate from a living force of which they are the extravagant manifestations and are not to be numbered among dead things, since death and out-worn vitality breed corruption and decay. Further, in judging work which is termed iconoclastic we must take into consideration the fact that in certain epochs art from various causes is removed from the influences contemporary with it, to the consideration of isolated groups of formalists who concern themselves with theoretical ideas and not with living spirit, and in such surroundings takes on a garb of inhuman formality—the product of over-cultivation, and sentimental affectation—which requires drastic measures to restore it to health. It is easy to follow a beaten path, but it is another matter to cleave a new one, and the mental postures of an era of hollow formalism are of no avail to artists seeking inspiration in living facts. In consequence of this continual upheavals are necessary in order to obtain individual expression and reinfuse vitality. It is the eternal war of Dionysos and Apollo. At no period in the annals of Art has this desire to revivify borne greater fruit than at the present time, and in modern music this is particularly evident.

Music has become a force for expressing mental individuality and conceptions as wide as those embraced by literature. Following on this develop-

ment a new critical body is necessary, one which will not subordinate music to the trivial and fashionable conceptions of the public nor to the standard of technical acrobatics required by the theoreticians, but which will examine motives, analyse the force and mental standpoint of the composer and indicate his significance in relation to life and the intellectual individualism surrounding him. As an academic art music has become a refuge for those people lacking everything but the mechanical dexterity obtainable by continual rehearsal. Thus we obtain the deal level of technical standards which, if permitted to dominate music, will result in the destruction of personal expression. It is with the purpose of attacking this false standard, and the critical body subordinate to it, that I write these studies. Art is a servant of individuality, and individuality cannot exist without vitality.

To those who love degeneration be left the embalming of dead phases of intellectualism. The expansive artist seeks life and health even though his aim necessitates the destruction of things about which sentiment has woven a fictitious value.

I. ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG AND THE PROTECTION OF INTROSPECTIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

The appearance of Arnold Schönberg [born Sept. 13th, 1875] in the world of music is an event which apart from its intrinsic significance has been exceedingly valuable in another important direction. The general restriction of vision and incapacity for appreciating values which are marks of the average musical critic have within the last few years been repeatedly exposed; but with the advent of Schönberg the absolute necessity for a new critical faculty has been finally demonstrated. It may be said that the need of a new criticism was also evident with the advent of Wagner. Even were this the case, the finality of such a revolution as was necessary for the appreciation of Wagnerian theories is questionable to-day. Wagnerism, from being a revivifying element, has become a superstition. This is due to

the voluntary self-confinement of certain writers within the bounds of Wagnerian ideals. By this means they are relieved of the necessity of following contemporary evolution, and by the construction of certain formulas are enabled to repudiate any development which might shake their complacency. A similar tendency is evident in the followers of Debussy, who by insisting on the whole-tone scale and the peculiarities of style which distinguish their master would consign music to the limitations of another system which, opening up vital possibilities, by its inception can only result in stagnation if carried to excess. But as it is my intention in these studies to treat of the internal significance of modern music, it is unnecessary to enter further upon any discussion of technical matters beyond such simple indications as may serve to make the inner meaning of contemporary composers clear. There is a surfeit of pedagogues who, after deriding and reviling an innovator, exhibit a contemptible alacrity to devise technical quibbles justifying the object of their abuse when his hold upon the public becomes manifest. Such writers are incapable of appreciating anything beyond mere technique, and their writings are of no value to that mental world which, after all, modern composition most concerns: the ideas which they put forward only serve to bewilder the public and create a hostile atmosphere of the type which has greeted the production of certain works of Schönberg.

Two wide divisions of music are generally understood. The first of these known as "absolute" music does not concern us here, as, while answering to a fixed form or design, it is merely a series of sounds without any definite meaning, reducing musical art to mere dexterity in technical forms and debasing music in relation to the listener to the level of a sensuous form of amusement. The second division, known as "programme" music, expresses some definite cycle of objective or subjective incidents with indicate commentaries thereon; and it is in this division that the works of Arnold Schönberg must necessarily be placed.

Programme music from being first evident in works which were merely a vulgar realistic reproduction of obvious things, such as Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, has evolved amazingly during the passage of a century. Progressing by means of the realistic symbolism of Berlioz, whose imitative themes had the addition of a vague symbolism, and Liszt who took actual incidents symbolic of wider meanings and gave tonal comments on philosophy in his symphonic poems, it has proceeded through the symphonic work of Saint-Saëns to the more refined writings of composers such as Franck and d'Indy. So we have arrived on one hand at a school of composition which, becoming more and more subtle in expression, still preserves the essence of the older formalism.

But as science and mechanism remove so many of the purely physical efforts and incidents relating to the individual, the activity of men becomes in consequence ever more mental and introspective. Thus the forms which sufficed for purely objective incidents have become inadequate to express the more subjective trend of modern thought. As the novel evolved from a mere depiction of externals to a study of psychology, so with music.

In Russia with Moussorgsky and the Neo-Slav school commenced the music of national psychology aided by the use of folk-song. This has developed through Sibelius, who suggests racial psychological moods rather than attempts to reproduce significant and symbolic incidents, and who has superseded folk-song by themes with a national idiom, to Bela Bartok, the young Hungarian composer, whose aim seems to be the analysis of national psychology by means of music.

Side by side with this national music has developed the individual expression. In Germany Strauss gives us personal psychology by means allied to the realistic method as in the Domestic Symphony and Don Quixote, but growing more intense and introspective

in Thus spake Zarathustra and the operas Salome and Electra. In France Debussy and Ravel go a step further, and relinquishing depiction in any external sense present the abstruse mood in its symbolic aspects in contradistinction to the early method of presenting the external symbol in its personal or national sense. Of a kindred quality are the works of the American Charles Martin Loeffler and Florent Schmitt. The metrachoric principles governing the music of Erik Satie give us an analysis of the essential ideas underlying rhythm presented in their wider application. In Italy the consciousness of new mental dimensions is presented in its dynamic aspect by Balilla Pratella, the Futurist musical leader. In England can be observed a further development in the subtle study of subjective emotion and broad social and philosophic analysis displayed in the works of Granville Bantock and Rutland Boughton. Here also we get the intimate expression of Elgar in compositions like Dream Children, and the more subtle and purely personal output of Frederick Delius. In Russia we have Stravinsky, an exponent of Dionysian mirth and the moods emanating from that nervous force which makes for liberation. The same country also claims Scriabine, a composer who by means of a number of complex mental images presented through the medium of a novel harmonic and thematic treatment, is attempting to analyse cosmic evolution and present its dramatic significance through the medium of sound, believing that music will eventually build up a dramatic world without need of words or acts. Beside these we have the subtle artistic personality of Arnold Schönberg, a musician who repudiates all realism, or depiction in a realistic sense, save where the implication of atmosphere heightens the internal significance. Taking as a motive the most intimate and subtle psychological influences of our complex modern existence, he is not content with mere analysis but strives to give us also the essence of their potentialities.

His psychological development has been remarkably consistent; the mental trend which has reached such sensitive expression in his later compositions being abundantly evident in a tentative fashion in his earliest work, and growing persistently more apparent with each fresh creation. Even the four songs of his first opus, though normal in musical form, are far more than any mere setting of poems in the average sense. The tendency to intensify by rich harmonic treatment manifestly proceeds from no mere spirit of technical exploitation, but is the outcome of an irresistible impulse to present the complex elements combined in the emotional moods of the text. This impulse growing steadily more pronounced in the two intervening opus numbers, attains amazingly early expression in the string sextette Night Transfigured, Op. 4. Schönberg has taken as the literary basis of his work, an extract from a poetic volume *Weid und Welt* by Richard Dehmel, which has been summarised by Mr. Alfred Kalisch as follows:—"A man and a woman walk in a cold leafless wood. The moon is their companion. The woman says, 'I have sinned deeply against you and against myself. I sinned through longing for life and joy because the world was empty. Now that you have crossed my path, I know it was naught but sin.' They walk on with tottering steps. The moon is their companion....Then the man speaks, 'Let not your sin be a burden to your soul. I will bear part of it. The joy which came to you through it will shine on my soul also. Look how the whole world is now transfigured.'" They meet in a passionate embrace. A man and a woman walk through gleaming glorious night." In this work Schönberg displays a capacity for poignant expression which it is scarcely possible to equal in the work of any composer preceding him. This mastery of utterance is only one of a number of remarkable features. We are made aware not only of the agony which finds expression in the woman's words but also of the passionate moods which have resulted in that agony;

and beyond this we are conscious of the universal aspect which it symbolises. The emotional movements like those of the music are complex; one might apply Vehaeren's characterisation of Maeterlinck's *Serres Chaudes* with equal effect to them: "C'était d'une angoisse, d'une extraordinaire et infinie tristesse, d'une plainte profonde sortie de l'instinct scelle au fond de nous-mêmes." This does not exhaust the scope of the work. The effect of psychological reaction is wonderfully dealt with and reaches a climax when, with the assumption by the man of a share in the woman's sin, the aspect of night becomes mentally transfigured by their internal ecstasy.

The capability for psychological penetration which is first apparent in the string sextette, develops rapidly in the works succeeding it. The songs comprising the sixth opus are so much in advance of those written earlier that they take place in the mental period of Schönberg's development which reached its climax with the *Gurre Lieder*, Op. 8 [a setting of a poem by Jens Jacobsen for solo voices, male and mixed chorus and a large orchestra], and the orchestral tone-poem *Pelleas and Melisande*. The literary theme of the former work deals with the love of Waldemar, a legendary King, for the Princess Jové. His queen, learning of the intrigue, contrives the death of her rival. Waldemar bears the coffin of the dead princess to the grave, on his own shoulders, and tearing it open thus apostrophes God—"The abject fear and flattery of men have made of you a tyrant enwrapped in stupidity. I also am a ruler, but would count it shame to destroy the ewe lamb of even the worst of my people. It is time that you heard the truth at last and so I appoint myself your court fool." The King dies, and after death he haunts the woods in the company of the damned. The peasants, hearing the ghostly cortège, cower in their beds and stop their ears. The cavalcade passes into the distance, the lamenting call of the King grows ever fainter, and the cock, "the morning in his beak," awakens the world and the music ends in the glory of dawn. This in outline might be taken as the basis of a work within the ordinary dramatic limits of Wagner or Strauss. But the subtle thought and intimate emotion of the poet have given the theme a significance which creates for it a place peculiarly its own. Combined with the musical setting of Schönberg, it becomes one of the greatest works ever conceived. All the poignancy, tragedy and ecstasy of Schönberg's previous work are concentrated and intensified in the music which is pregnant with dramatic psychology. The emotional outline is not dependent on the external features of passion or pathos, but is made up of complicated and sensitive moods which give it a dramatic quality without a trace of theatricalism. This is a peculiarity of Schönberg's work which is attained by emotional contraction in contradistinction to the methods of Wagner and Strauss, who express themselves by an expansion of passion which often borders on melodrama.

The tone-poem *Pelleas and Melisande* is absolutely distinguished from the music drama of Debussy by the method in which the literary text is approached. Debussy by atmospheric treatment subordinates the passionate element of the play to its symbolic import. Schönberg by the analysis and contraction of those elements creates the dramatic atmosphere of his tone-poem and enables us to realise the symbolic aspect of the text upon which it is based. This is the last work by Schönberg in which the dramatic material image is evident. The cycle of declamation poems

"*Lieder des Pierrot Lunaire*" belong both by method of treatment and internal quality to the purely individual period of his latest work, with which I am about to deal.

The "*Kammer Symphonie*" and the "*Three Piano Pieces*," Op. II., mark a new mental quality in Schönberg's compositions. Having relinquished the material image, Schönberg in these works, becomes purely introspective in expression. Turning to the analysis of mental and psychological influences, he deals with hitherto unknown quantities in music and has found it necessary to adopt an entirely new mode of expression, which is first demonstrated in the piano pieces. The subtleties of the *Gurre Lieder*, and *Pelleas and Melisande*, have nothing in them to equal the sensitive delicacy of the moods underlying these compositions, which are expressed without aid of any extraneous image. The barely conscious forces struggling for utterance in the second and third numbers [*Massige and Bewegte*] are things totally unknown in music until the appearance of these works. Evolving gradually through compositions which include the declamation poems already alluded to, these forces attain full expression in the *Five Characteristic Pieces for Orchestra*. Together with the culmination of every psychological crisis come a thousand results unborn and incapable of birth until that moment. So in the first number of the *Five Pieces* [*Presentiments*] is given the awakening of mentality from subconsciousness to the realisation of possibilities emanating from an approaching psychological crisis. While in the third number [*The Changing Chord*] we find not the mere exposition of the musical possibilities of a chord but the statement of a psychological crisis, given in such terms that one is instantly aware of the series of happenings which have built it up, and therefrom Schönberg strives to analyse the potentialities which such a crisis reveals and frees. So is it with the second piece [*The Past*]. It is not only the past in the obvious sense with all its poignant memories. It is the thousand barely discernable changes and subtle deepening of psychological perception which the more introspective outlook of life caused by increased complexity gains from the past. The same delicate sensitiveness underlies the fourth piece [*Peripetia*], and for the last piece [*The Obligato Recitative*] what more obvious symbol of its meaning could be found than Schönberg himself to-day? Here surely we have the solitary thought striving above the weight of common opinion and jarring it at every turn, so light that at present it has lost touch with our grosser aspect, and can only work on our subtler nerves, which being barely conscious, distress us by their unwonted agitation.

The new capacity of music which is so evident in these orchestral pieces develops with ever-increasing surety in the succeeding works like the *Six Little Piano Pieces*, Op. 19, which are among the latest output of Schönberg, and which evince a capability for concentrated utterance within small dimensions considerably in advance of even the preceding piano-forte works.

In considering not only the past but the future work of Schönberg, it is necessary to remember his own declaration: "The artist does, not what others consider beautiful, but what for himself is a necessity," always bearing in mind that the theory of an absolute standard of beauty is a fallacy presenting nothing but obstruction to the progress of art.

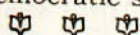
VIEWS AND

IT will be quite clear to many persons if we point the sequence out to them, why in these democratic times an indiscretion is more discreditable to a man and more embarrassing to his party than the most staggering of "crimes." In a household where correct conduct is "not to scandalise these my little ones," the little ones being children, pious women and men with idealised minds, it would be

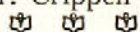
COMMENTS.

the rôle of the devil himself to speak as the plain blunt person, without regard to the "doctrine." With his entrance in that household life would thereafter and for ever be different. Sin would have entered: the frank innocence would be gone: and the shifty eyes which know evil from good left behind. And this is exactly what happens in the democratic community when a governor is indiscreet. His

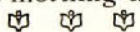
indiscretion undermines his creed, because it undermines his creed's Assumptions—the pillars upon which the fabric of democratic society rests.



It is not the custom to discuss politicians in THE EGOIST, or in the accepted way, their works. Our present unusual course in discussing Colonel Seely's recent political exploits must be explained by the fact that Colonel Seely's conduct was just now politically irregular: and concerning a politician it is not possible to make a more serious allegation than that. To be regular is the first and last word of a politician's creed; he may traverse no least convention without custom's warrant: nor raise the least whisper of inquiry into current and popular dicta. To act otherwise is, politically, to reach the giddiest pinnacle of the immoral at a bound. Therefore Colonel Seely, politically speaking, at this moment commands the fascinating regard an ordinary person would turn upon a Dr. Crippen or a Jack-the-Ripper.



He has questioned a democratic Assumption, and this being a democratic age a democratic Assumption is Sacred. That his conduct has serious consequences from the point of view of democrats, all—his friends and foes alike—will readily allow. They agree that democratic stability is threatened, that the democratic basis of society is being undermined. Naturally enough and obviously to be expected. If there be removed only one prop of a four-legged bench there can be no surprise if the board lists in the direction of the missing leg. How much more then if two legs; and so forth. No wonder that when a democratic government attacks two democratic assumptions in the course of ten days or so, the democrats—the eloquent women, idealistic men, the labour party and the poor, all these little ones should be scandalised. They are in fact in imminent danger of falling off their democratic basis, platform, what-not, and of being shot on to their own feet. Even if their platform admits of being propped up by some adventitious stump and they are able to maintain the lofty and erect attitude, it will never be quite the same after so undignified a scramble. Never the same sense of security, unquestioned stability, after so nasty a shock. "Doubt, hesitation and pain, forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight, Never glad, confident morning again."



The two legs of the democratic platform which have just become rickety with too much unregarding inquiry have both to do with the Army only in the first instance. In their consequence they involve the entire democratic community. The first concerns the purely mechanical admixture of units whose covering label would suggest that it is a single unitary compound: the Army; the second concerns the recognition of a difference between the "People" and the "Army": both questions which would never be raised by an Authority which knew its strong card to be Assumption.

Now the correct democratic assumption is first that the Army is an abstraction. It is the ultimate instrument for the expression of "The People's" will. It is highly improper to regard it as a collection of individuals whether high or low, great or simple. It is the "Means of Coercion": automatic sequence of the willed intention of the Representatives of The People, carrying it into effect involuntarily and of necessity as the nerves and muscles of a healthy person put into effect their owner's will. It is a "Service": its function is to serve: "It's not to reason why, but to do—and die" if need be. That is the "correct" attitude of the Army in the democratic polity: the "Fighting Arm of the Body politic." Colonel Seely questioning members of this force whether they are willing to serve and if not willing bidding them resign, is from the democratic point of view as much in order as a navy would be who before scooping up his spadeful puts it to his elbow-joint whether it means to work or not, and if not, giving it orders to resign. A highly improper

proceeding. If the shovelling is to be done the elbow-joint has got to work: the navy does not propose scooping up the shingle with his brain-pan: and the six hundred gentlemen who "govern" us do not personally undertake the task of coercing any reluctant obedience. The annex of a coercing Arm must be attached to the governing office and must work automatically, so that if three hundred odd gentlemen of the brand of Mr. Thomas, Mr. John Ward, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Macdonald and others take their seats in the People's House, they need merely say to the Wellingtons, Nelsons, Kitcheners, Goughs, and all the men under these: "Go," and they go; "Come," and they come.

As we have said, this is the first democratic assumption, and it should never have been put in a position to be riddled: its place is among the sacred. A veritable scourge for the democratic back is Colonel Seely.



Intoxicated by the rashness of his betters no doubt, Mr. John Ward, one of the Labour Little Ones, hacks into a second leg: another Assumption upon which the democratic plank rests. He sacrilegiously raises an issue "The Army versus the People." For the maintenance of the democratic argument, Mr. Ward must assume that Army and People are One: they are an Organic Whole, to give the correct phrase. It is highly improper, irregular, immoral for a democrat to assume that they are other; he wars against his own household in allowing even for a moment that they are two entities capable of existing outside each other as opposing forces: as the claims of the cart might be pitted against those of the horse. A true democratic governor must manage to remain on completely harmonious terms with the Army if he cares for the health of his system. To raise an issue with it is like raising an issue between the blood and the blood corpuscles. The one only postulates the other. For consider what would happen if an issue such as this short-sighted democrat dream of, could be raised: what would it mean? For the "people" to deal with the "Army" it would be compelled merely to secrete from itself another—Army. It is impossible for a "People" to quarrel with an "Army." Only an Army can quarrel with an Army. The "people" will be unduly flattering themselves if they imagine they can quarrel with the "Army." A rabble headed by a Parliament cannot have a quarrel: their limits outside "bounce" are talking and making crosses on paper, added to a little surreptitious "ragging" practised on the non-comprehending. The fact is that when the shattering of the Unity of the People of which these democrats made a beginning when they agreed to recognise a distinction among the People by opposing to it the Army moves on to completion, both the Army and People will be pulverised into units—a consummation of affairs which Democracy of all forms of Authority will be the most loth to recognise. There will be no entity—"The People": only people; no Army—only soldiers, and quarrels will continue to be settled just as the soldiers—the fighters—care to settle them. Above all forms of government Democracy has been contemptible because its exponents have endeavoured to instil a belief that those of the "people" who are not soldiers can remain non-fighters and retain regard. It has worked on the credulous silliness and faint-heartedness of the "people" to persuade them they are "governed" but only with their own consent: it knows their stupidity goes to such lengths that it would be intelligence's labour lost to explain to them the little omission whereby the obtaining of their consent is overlooked. The lot of them are asked to pick between certain Joneses and Browns, certain Smiths and Robinsons, who ostensibly are to govern them willy-nilly, though in reality these governors when chosen could scarcely present a creditable battalion amongst them: these governors of the governed are in turn governed by those who have the power to resist and coerce them.

When the so-called governors are faced with such a resistance, government of the people, by the people, for the people, reveals itself in a jingling incantation, serviceable only to put the already too, too small intelligence of the people under arrest. They are told they are governed "democratically": for some strange reason, to put it like that flatters them: presumably and ludicrously enough it gives them an impression of equality with their superiors. The pride which recognises its own limits and the intelligence which knows itself governed by these is beyond them. They try to claim in a clasp of equality the hand which obviously to any not hypnotised by flattery stretches out towards them to cuff them into doing its bidding. They flatter themselves "they submit to 'law' which is equal for all and which is voluntarily made and voluntarily accepted." That the so-called laws which their elected mannikins put into currency, are, according to the measure of their competence, a restraint, a burden or a command; a bagatelle, an irrelevance, something to mock at, break, or ignore according to their power, is beyond their comprehension. Democrats tell them "All are equal before the law" and they are a democrat, therefore things must be so and in spite of evidence.

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It is this oppressed, powerless, yet credulous host "The People" which in the name of democracy flatters itself it is going to govern. Colonel Seely, inadvertently no doubt, has just been the means of producing some exquisite fun out of the indignation of the democrats which rage in the name of People and Parliament. Mr. Ward and other stalwarts of the People sound for all the world like the frog in the fable whom misleading flatterers had led to believe she was the Queen of Song. "Shall not 'The People' remain paramount?" How "shall" they "remain" what they have never been? If in order to trade upon the fact that the people are gullible it has served many persons' purposes, to tell them so, their misinformation does not alter the actual relation one iota: comfortable, shiftless, timid, the "People," the "Masses" remain what they have always been—the servants of those who are, or who are connected with those, sufficiently acute to understand their points. That there is one law for the rich and another law for the poor is a very inadequate way of putting the matter: there is a law for each man individually, be he rich or poor, which is the resultant of all his powers: his strength, charm, skill, intelligence, daring: the sum of his total worth and what it secures is a man's just dues.

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If then democrats are rash enough to drag into the arena of discussion the mixed bundles labelled Army and People, scrutiny of their contents is likely to reveal what their credulity least expects. Consider the Army bundle for a first instance. Unfortunately for democracy, its main structure is built up of men: not screws and pulleys which the working of a lever will set in motion. Second, being so, it is composed of men having different qualities: men who are "soldiers" and men who are "people": men who can fight and who dare to fight and relish it: and men of the people who have so little fight in them that having failed to hold their own among the civilians outside its ranks have drifted into the Army in preference to the workhouse and prison. The Army comprises the cream of an order which is very well able to fight for itself and the dregs of an order which long ago has become so removed from reality that it has ceased to understand the necessity for competent self-defence. At a juncture of importance they are likely to act after their kind: the acknowledgment that they were so likely was Colonel Seely's indiscretion: he should have remembered that the democrats' strong card is assumption: he should have assumed that officers would act like democrats: that they would behave as the "ranks" can safely be relied upon to behave: as automata: obeying promptly as by the reflex action of an involuntary

nerve. The democrat Mr. Ward with a sob in his throat pointed out how the ranks, noble and heroic, would shoot down Boers with whom they were in complete sympathy merely at the word of command: how they would turn their rifles on their whilom pals: workers in distress. Of course they would: having no judgment of their own they would shoot down their own mothers if the nod were given them. It is the difference, Mr. Ward, between a democrat and the other thing.

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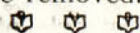
And Mr. Thomas, the secretary of the Railway Servants' Union, was so stirred out of the democratic assumption by the spectacle of failure in the automatic obedience of officers to the orders of the House of Talk as to broach the possibility of suggesting to his union that they should spend the half million they have saved up, not on a week's holiday called a "Strike," but—incredible and horrible to a democrat—on rifles. Of course he won't. He would swoon at the image of a respectable working-man holding a rifle: but his own small and private assumption—that to carry his suggestion into effect would be objectionable to the people whom his wild words were meant to affect, is worth noting. Mr. Ward imagines that he and his like would be more offensive as rivals in a position to command respect than they are at present in their position of smug ineffectualness, arrogant yet impotent, heads addled and swollen with demagogues' flattery, hands innocent of all evidence of substantiation. We believe he makes a mistake. It is not the prospect that they may be the means of increased might to the feeble which makes the demagogues detestable: it is the offensive mixture of oil and bounce which endeavours by scoring a verbal advantage in the terms of current piety to effect a readjustment of powers which they would never dream of putting to the test of genuine comparison.

It is the making Claim by Right to that which they are incapable of securing by Might: the attempt to carry through the exchange by shouting and rious incantation which makes the democratic advocacy offensive. The democrats are *sweedlers*: from no point of view to be recognised as on a level of estimable equality with highway robbers who are gentlemen by comparison.

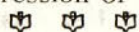
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Supposing then for the moment that through a misunderstanding the Ward-Thomases of the community should slide into the position of the intelligent, and advise the "arming" of their invertebrate unions. What then? Anarchy and the subversion of Society? Pas du tout, messieurs. The structure which threatens to come rattling down about their ears is not "Society" but a particular Conception of Society. We are in sight of the break-up of a Verbal System—not of the loosening of the ties of affection and common-sense as between men and men. Society itself is not based on any Conception whatsoever, it is based on the inborn predilections and instincts of individuals. When these instincts break through the overlying Verbiage and reveal themselves for what they are the "Stability of Society" is unaffected. For whatever these instincts are Society is and will be. That their character confounds the authenticity of some wordy interpretation of these instincts affects the stability of Society as little as an accidental error in the set of the angle of the axis in a pedagogue's globe would affect the sequence of the seasons. Summer will follow Spring although his little model make the poles lie on the equator. And human nature will get on as well when the blight of obedience has been chased from the miners' and railwaymen's unions and the rank-and-file of the Army, as well as from the sensitive ranks of the officers: even let us hope—a jolly sight better. When the assumption that we all obey is shattered, the sense of responsibility for self-defence returns, and a nerveless "People" will be galvanised into an Army, a consummation greatly to be desired by all

save doctrinaire non-combatants, and even these suspicious-looking gentry would be forced into a position which would enable them to clear themselves of the charge of cant. To be non-combatants in a community which claims to have its combats waged by an arm worked by an involuntary nerve can be called a stoicism only by supererogation: its virtue is after the event: though doubtless in a military community they would be tolerated in a protected area as a luxury. Their desire not to fight would be defended by others fighting to make its fulfilment possible: even as at present: only their smug aspect might be removed.



The democratic armoury is of course not exhausted when "Society in Danger" fails to set things in a blaze. There is still "The horror of Civil War." Yet there is much to be said in favour of a gala-performance of Civil War. A depressing Civil War is always with us, with its depressing effect due to its drab, fugitive, hugger-mugger manner. No guns, no bands, no uniforms, swords, excitements, adventures, or thrilling bravery. Just a sordid, mean pressure: hunger, monotony, dreariness, squalor, filth, bailiffs, policemen, judges, jailors and hangmen. Just for the tinsel on it there is much to be said for Civil War. Moreover Civil War would tend to put all questions to a trial of strength, and when such a test rises uppermost, even the feeblest must look to his resources. Moreover if existent moral conduct has done its hypnotic work: men of the poorer sort are dazed by the constant keeping in tune with the existent moral incantations. "Thou shalt not steal," good enough on the lips of rich men, makes tragedy on those of the poor. Civil War, with its different and far healthier proprietary "morality," would trouble the orderly waters, and to fish in them would come easier for a mechanised people than "fishing" is in face of an order malignant but nevertheless mesmeric. Civil War would furnish a springing board for the "poor" to open up new "lines" of "order." There are indeed more things to be made out in favour of Civil War than for the bastard variety which is being waged now. It would break lightly into the established order of things, which has too thoroughly in the minds of those who submit to it, assumed the immutable character of the progression of the sun and the stars.



This Carson campaign capped by the Seely incident and the dissolution of assumptions which this last puts into the melting-pot is going to prove the high-water mark of modern democracy. In England since Disraeli's time, the dominant classes have allowed the anti-democratic argument to go by default: no doubt because they lacked the brains to establish it. Since, with one name or another—Tory-democrats, Conservative Working-men—innocuous flirtations with popular democracy have been going on; it has been necessary for the 'classes' to wait until opportunity made it possible for their instinct to instruct their intellect. Truculent temper is now explaining to a dilatory intellect why democracy won't wash. It will not now take long for them to get the hang of the argument: to see through the windy wordy business: this latter-day Cult of Humanity, the Rights of Man and all that is made to go with them. By challenging the conception of the Unity of the People—or rather by egging the government on to make the challenge—the supporters of Ulster resistance have snipped the one verbal thread which, broken, lets the entire democratic creed run down like a broken chain-stitch. In this common Unity, the people are One and Equal: rendering an equal obedience and receiving equal rights. Split the Unity, question the obedience and you disperse the Equality. With "Unity" questioned the criterion vanishes: the supreme dispenser of favours is confronted with a rival: the seat of Authority is confused and Rights are the vainest of things when Authority is called in question. Rights,

Equality, Obedience, Unity, these four are the pillars of democracy. They are bound up in this last—Unity; and who now seriously discusses Unity? Who seriously discusses Democracy? None. It is a dead issue. A little picturesque "strong man" play will doubtless be enough to divert the vagrant attention of the mob and so save the government and the politicians' salaries: but for democracy itself a quiet conversational scrutiny—far removed from oratory—will already have been begun: and before it has gone far modern democracy will have found its place in the list of Forgotten Causes.

Imitations of Lucian.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

From F. De Salignac de Lamothe-Fénelon.

DIALOGUE XV.

HERODOTUS. LUCIAN.

Her. Lucian! Well, you are not so flippant as of old—you who made so many famous men talk as they went down into Charon's raft. And here you are in your turn on the banks of Styx.

You were right to mock at tyrants, flatterers and scoundrels—but why at me?

Luc. When did I ever break a jest on you? You are trying to quarrel with me.

Her. In your "True Histories" and elsewhere you speak of my narrations as fables.

Luc. Was I wrong? You advanced too much on the word of priests and similar people, who always desire the mysterious and the marvellous.

Her. Atheist! You do not believe in religion.

Luc. It needs a purer and more serious religion than that of Jupiter and Venus, of Mars, Apollo and the other gods, to convince men of good sense. The worse for you that you believed it.

Her. But you despised philosophy just as much. Nothing was sacred to you.

Luc. I despised the gods because the poets have described them as being like the most infamous people on earth. As for the philosophers, they pretended to esteem nothing save virtue, and they were filled with vices. If they had been bona-fide philosophers I should have respected them.

Her. And how did you treat Socrates? Was it his fault or yours?

Luc. It is true that I joked about the matters of which he was accused; but I did not condemn him seriously.

Her. Do you think that anyone has the right to jest at the expense of so great a man as Socrates, merely from absurd calumnies? But, come, admit it, all you thought about was to laugh, to mock at everything, to show the ridiculous in everything, without ever giving yourself the trouble of establishing anything solidly.

Luc. What! Haven't I railed at vice? lashed the great who abuse their power? Haven't I praised to the skies the scorn of wealth and luxury?

Her. It is true that you have spoken well of virtue; but as for reprehending all kinds of vice it was rather a taste for satire in you than a sentiment of solid philosophy. You praised virtue without even wishing to trace it back to the principles of religion and philosophy which are its real foundation.

Luc. You reason better down here than in your great "Voyages." But let us both plead guilty. I was not sufficiently credulous, you were so in excess.

Her. Ah! You are still yourself, I see, turning everything into mockery. Is it not time that your shade was a little serious?

Luc. Serious! I am sick of seriousness; I lived with men who had nothing else. I was surrounded with philosophers who piqued themselves on their seriousness, and had neither good-faith, justice, friendship, moderation nor modesty.

Her. You speak of the philosophers of your own age, who had degenerated: but . . .

Luc. What do you think I ought to have done, then? Could I see men who died several centuries before I was born? I am not like Pythagoras; I cannot remember having been at the siege of Troy. Everyone cannot have been Euphorbos.

Her. Still joking! And that is your reply to the most weighty reasoning! I wish for your punishment that the gods whom you have denied would send your shade into the body of some traveller who should be compelled to visit all the countries of which I have written and which you treat as fabulous.

Luc. After that nothing would be left for me but to pass from body to body through all the philosophic sects which I have decried; then I should accept in turn all the contrary opinions which I have mocked at. That would be charming. But you have said things nearly as credible.

Her. Go, I despise you. I am glad to remember you have not spared me any more than Homer, Socrates and Pythagoras, and also Plato, from whom you learned all that you ever knew about the art of dialogues, though you pretended to mock at his philosophy.

DIALOGUES OF THE MODERN DEAD.

From Fontenelle.

DIALOGUE XI.

ANNE BOLEYN. THE DUCHESS OF VALENTINOIS.

A.B. Your good fortune amazes me. It seems that your father, Saint-Valier, committed a crime only to make your fortune. He was condemned to death and you went to beg for mercy. To be pretty and to ask favours of a young prince is to undertake to repay them: it was not long before you were the mistress of Francis I.

D.V. My greatest piece of fortune was to have been led into the ways of pleasure by the obligation of a daughter to save her father's life. My taste for that kind of life was easily concealed under so honourable a pretext.

A.B. But your wantonness soon became noticeable, for your intrigues lasted longer than your father's danger.

D.V. That made no difference. In love the beginning is the important thing. The world knows perfectly well that anyone who takes a step in one direction will take more; the only thing is to take the first step properly. I think my conduct answered admirably the opportunity which fortune gave me, and I feel that I shall not pass into history as a woman of mediocre talent. The Constable Montmorency is admired for having been the minister and favourite of three kings; but I did more, I was the mistress of two.

A.B. I do not dispute your ability, but I think mine surpassed it. You made yourself beloved for many years, but I contrived to get

married. A king favours you as long as you touch his affections, which costs him nothing. But if he makes you queen it is only when he is at an extremity and without any other hope.

D.V. To get yourself married was not much to do, but for me to keep men in love with me was an accomplishment. Love is easily irritated when unsatisfied and very difficult to keep alive when sated. Thus, you have only to refuse me severely at every request, and I must perforce fall in with your demands.

A.B. Since you press me so hard with your reasoning I will admit that my insistence on marriage did not result from my chastity.

D.V. And the constancy with which I was loved was not a reward for my fidelity.

A.B. I will also admit that I had neither chastity nor a reputation for chastity.

D.V. So I always understood. And I should have counted reputation as being the same thing as chastity.

A.B. I don't think you ought to place your infidelities among your triumphs over me; for, according to all reports, they were secret. Therefore they add nothing to your glory. But when the king of England fell in love with me, the public, perfectly well acquainted with my intrigues, did not keep them secret, and yet I triumphed over every scandal.

D.V. If I liked I could prove to you that I was unfaithful to Henry II. in so open a manner as to bring me great credit; but I will not stop for it now. Lack of fidelity can be hidden or repaired; but how can loss of youth be repaired or hidden? Yet I succeeded. I was a coquette and I was adored. That is nothing; but I was an old woman. You were young and you could not save yourself from the block! Although I was a grandmother I know I could have kept my head on my shoulders.

A.B. That was the great blot on my career; let us not speak of it. I will come back to your age, which seems to be your favourite subject. But surely it was less difficult to disguise than my conduct. I vastly perturbed the mind of anyone who resolved to marry me, but it was sufficient for a man to be prejudiced in your favour and for him to grow gradually accustomed to the alteration in your beauty, when, of necessity, he found you always beautiful.

D.V. You do not understand men very well. When we appear charming in their eyes we can seem to their minds anything we wish—even chaste; though, of course, we are not so. The difficulty is to appear charming as long as we wish.

A.B. Well, I admit that. But, tell me, by what secret did you conceal your age? I am dead now and you can tell me without fear of my profiting by it.

D.V. I' faith, I do not know myself. We do great deeds without knowing how we did them, and we are surprised to find that it was we who accomplished them. Ask Cæsar how he conquered the world. Perhaps he could not reply without difficulty.

A.B. A glorious comparison.

D.V. And a just one. To be loved at my age I needed good luck at least as much as Cæsar. But what is most fortunate is that the world usually attributes infallible schemes and secrets to people like Cæsar and myself, who have accomplished something remarkable, and does them far more honour than they deserve.

DIALOGUE XXX.

NERO. JOHN WESLEY.

Wes. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the—
get thee behind me, Satan!

Nero. Satan? One of the more important gods of the Christians, is he not? But he is not here now; he is so much desired by his worshippers that Pluto, taking pity on them, has permitted him to return to earth.

Wes. What thing art thou?

Nero. Thing? Nothing, being but a shade, like yourself. And yet I was something once. Claudius Domitius Cæsar Augustus, called Nero, was my name. Perhaps you know it? My poetical compositions, my friendly rivalry with Lucan—

Wes. Now assuredly do I know that I am in hell! O Lord Jesus, why hast Thou forsaken me? Have I not praised Thee all my days and kept Thy commandments? What was my sin that Thou hast punished me? For, Thou hast said, "Though thy sins be as scarlet"—

Nero. Ahem! Excuse me—didn't you mention Jesus the Græco-Hebrew? I gather that you are a disciple or slave of his, or something? What? Ahem. Let me welcome you to Hades. Jesus, who is a very old friend of mine, heard that you were coming here and asked me to interview you before you meet him. He was good enough to say that he knew no one else so fitted to remove from your mind certain fundamental misconceptions of his doctrine. First—

Wes. Thou art some devil sent to tempt me! Hence, I say! You a friend of my blessed and holy Lord? I cannot and I will not believe it? You, who sat on the throne of Tiberius, Pilate's master; you, murderer of your mother, murderer of Britannicus, murderer of your wife, of Seneca and of Lucan! you, smeared like a hog with every filthy and degraded vice! you—a friend of Jesus, the pure, the sinless! Adulterer!

Nero. Slave, do you know that you speak to the Emperor, once Lord of the whole world?

Wes. Assassin! Incestuous devil! Catamite!

Nero. By Zeus and Apollo, if Jesus and I were not excellent friends I would hurl you into Cocytus. Pan and Priapus, do you think Jesus is a pudding-pated lackey like yourself? Listen to me, my good vulgarian. The little errors for which you insult me with such virulence were nothing, mere nugæ, the result of high spirits and genius. They count as nothing compared with the despicable sins you have committed and propagated.

Wes. Sins? I!! John Wesley? I commit sins? Impossible!!

Nero. Yes, you, John Wesley. You think that because I very properly ordered the execution of that ugly old woman, Agrippina, and that little harlot, Poppæa, I was naturally burnt in everlasting fire. Nothing of the sort. I was an artist, sir, and what is more, sir, I was a gentleman, a distinction you will not appreciate. You virtuous! Are sparrows vestals? Did not your perdamnable canting lead to the compilation of the vilest doggerel in the world, which was called a hymn-book? Sir, I was a poet. Did you not proscribe all the exquisite pleasures of life which your narrow intelligence prevented you from enjoying—song, poetry, the arts, fine buildings, delicate clothes, baths, cards, dicing, wine, women and the like? I was a gentleman, sir, and lived like one. Do you think I should be put in hell? As for Jesus, whom you have

taken to be the founder of your castrated cult of tinkers and apprentices he is over there, lying on cushions and girls' shoulders, drinking iced Falernian and playing vingt-et-un with Phryne, the Marquis de Sade and St. John.

Wes. O powers of hell, what damnable temptation is this? In the name of Christ and the Holy Trinity I charge you depart from me, unclean spirit!

Nero. O, mort de ma vie, c'est un imbécile!

Wes. What? You, speak French, devil?

Nero. Certainly; why not? A gentleman must keep pace with the times. Besides I admire their literature; the French have most agreeable talents. But, in the name of Janus come and speak to Jesus yourself. He has great charm of manner; possibly he can charm even you out of your vulgar notions. It is most remarkable, though, that he should waste his time and that of his friends in a vain attempt to lift a bag-man out of his class and errors.

Wes. I will not come! It is some plot against my sanctity, to make me betray my Lord. Even if you showed me Jesus Himself engaged in that hideous blasphemy of card-playing—I shudder to speak it—I would believe neither you nor my eyes. You have some horrible simulacrum, some devil in His shape. Therefore I charge you, trouble me no more. I will commend my soul to my God and He shall deliver me from bottomless hell.

Nero. Comme vous voulez. Though I may as well tell you that you are here for ever. Au revoir. Come and take a hand at ombre or picquet some time when you feel more at home here.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Passing Paris.

A FEW days after Miss Richardson's performance at the National Gallery I read the following appreciation in a French newspaper: "You have seen their two portraits, haven't you? Reports by photography tell more than the best articles. There they were this morning, face to face, the voluptuous and perfect Venus by Velasquez and Miss Richardson who cut the masterpiece up. Perhaps it is not very courteous to make a comparison, but, after all, Miss Richardson had only to keep quiet! The sight of her long, flat face and that boy-scout costume explains why she struck the adorable, beautiful and feminine Venus. This would kill that, to be sure."

These words recall what England owes of unpopularity abroad to that type of Englishwoman whose ideal is the vote; the type we shall soon see once again (for Easter is approaching) striding up the "Rivoli rue" to the amusement of these and the shame of those—according to whether you are her compatriot or not.

Thereupon a different type of *l'ange du foyer*, a Frenchwoman, added another crime to that of having sacrificed many a life to furnish her absurd hats and hair-coiffure, a "feminine woman this, no doubt, one who does not dress up like a boy-scout but puts ospreys in her extravagant millinery. The manner of proceedings, like the costume, the physical characteristics, vary according to latitude. The manner of publishing and punishing it too.

However ludicrous the press of England may be—and no less ludicrous than is so deliciously emphasised in "All the Papers" just published by those useful satirists, the authors of "Wisdom while you wait"—the English press does not make a heroine of Miss Richardson. But the attention given to Mme. Caillaux by the French papers is nothing short

of scandalous. Every morning and evening since—to the great surprise of her husband who seemed to imagine that the wife of a “radical-socialist” minister should be exempt from such measures—she was taken to Saint Lazare prison, the newspapers give minute details of how she spent the night, what dress she wore during the day-time, what she had for dinner (“In reply to her request a stove has been put in her cell. At eleven o’clock the prisoner’s lunch was brought to her from the Restaurant Drouant. It consisted of saddle of salt-marsh mutton, macaroni à l’anglaise, pommes bonne femme; milk and Vichy water”), how she ate it and so on, these interesting reports being accompanied by photographs of the lady before the crime, of her cell, of the lock on the door of her cell etc., while we are clearly given to understand that the ex-Minister’s wife is the pet of the establishment. However, the leniency of the relaxed rules stops short at allowing her to decorate her cells with the bouquets sent to her,—by whom, good Heavens?—with the streets echoing with her husband’s name associated to the epithet “assassin” and her victim lying in his coffin.

How little fitted for the part are the people who assume rule over the country (for 60,000 francs per annum, “radical socialists” included) is shown, if not by their lack of intelligence, of that they have sufficient for the purpose, but by their lack of *allure*. “You might salute,” scowled M. Caillaux when he arrived on the scene of his wife’s murder to a policeman somewhat excusably bewildered by the events, “don’t you know I am the Minister of Finance?” And to be sure the poor man made hurriedly up for his negligence in due respect towards this representative of the people (and, more especially, the “radical socialist” party) whose wife had just killed a man upstairs. And she, when M. Calmette’s secretaries somewhat hustled her, observed, with the revolver still in her hand, “Don’t touch me, I’m a lady.” The *parvenu* character of the whole drama is shown by the phrase “You need not call the police, I can drive to the *commissariat* in my motor,” for she had come, in her fine osprey-decked hat and furs (as the papers duly reported) to the “Figaro” office in the car for which the nations pays and kept it waiting with its driver wearing the three-coloured cocarde in his hat while she put out a life. We would rather, for her sake, she had gone on foot in a “boy-scout costume” or her dressing-gown, but in France vanity is an extenuating circumstance.

If the English have made themselves ridiculous in the eyes of all the world with their puritanism, their thousand religions, their Salvation Army, their missionaries, their tourists, their shoppiness and their suffragettes, it is after another fashion that the French can make themselves pitiful. The Calmette murder and all it entails—the dead itself, the cause, the motive, the incitement, the consequence or the press reports—are nauseating and depressing. Politically speaking, it was just the little extra impetus needed to send the already loose political structure crumbling to the ground, the little friction wanted to set a smouldering situation ablaze. The “revelations” have begun. What the coming trial has in store in the way of sordid detail and entangled secrets, both public and private, only a recollection of the Dreyfus case can suggest. Meanwhile envy and malice in aiming its shafts at one of the most respectable and able men in the land, i.e. President Poincaré. It is not surprising, for in this country no man is ever given a chance. No task begun can be completed for lack of faith in the one with whom its realisation lies.

Here, in France, the moment a system is on the way to be crystallised, the “thin end of the wedge” at once makes its appearance; the moment a man attempts to affirm himself he is suppressed by the envious or the suspicious; and if its government falls into the hands of cynics and exploiters to whom the political career is just an “assiette au beurre” to be licked while they have the chance, it is well done for the country.

For the Frenchman’s enthusiasm is a short-lived thing, always condemned at its very birth by the scepticism accompanying the positivist intelligence.

One man in France has had the shamelessness to congratulate Mme. Caillaux on her crime. That individual is the socialist deputy (representing the royal city of Versailles) Thalarnas, celebrated for having said that the most suitable place for the national flag was the dunghill.

M. Calmette, the victim of the Caillaux exploit, once made himself very ridiculous by a campaign against the invoked immorality of Rodin’s art, in which absurd attitude he ranged himself alongside Mr. Frederick Harrison who, in the “Fortnightly Review,” I believe, protested in one and the same article against the indecency of that sculptor’s works and Miss Isadora Duncan’s legs. In his accusations against M. Caillaux, reflecting on imputed corruption, M. Calmette was most certainly assisted by political as well as private enemies of the ex-Minister of Finance. The allegations are, nevertheless, most probably based on fact for political ambition—aiming as is said it was, at the ultimate presidency—cannot be satisfied without ample funds and if they are wanting they have to be procured somehow.

M. Sébastien Voirol’s literary fastidiousness expresses itself not only in his choice of language but also in the form in which is presented his last book “Les Sandales aux Larmes” [publisher: Louis Conard] (the name, as one is glad to learn, of a flower growing in South America). Exquisitely printed on exquisite paper its additional attraction of two drawings, the most insignificant ever seen, hardly deserved proclamation on the first page. M. Voirol belongs to that latest group of innovators in verse who voice their talents in chorus (under the name of “simultanéistes”) through “Poème et Drame” already referred to once or twice in THE EGOIST. In prose M. Voirol is gifted to write as far away from his readers as it is possible to imagine. He has, also, a strange taste for inversion of syntax of this description: “Je voudrais nu me réfugier au fond des eaux mouvantes.” But he is clear enough in detail and, though it is difficult to follow what he is aiming at in the synthetid, he deserves regard for his dignified treatment of themes which seem somewhat vacuous to his readers.

M. Bergson’s fate at the hands of society suggests the problem: “Do we deserve our fortunes and misfortunes?” In a recent number of an animal publication called “The Life Happy” you may see a drawing representing the philosopher in his chair at the Sorbonne being received with storms of flowers and applause by a crowd of ladies attired in the most extraordinary of the latest fashions: hats and feathers several feet in height and fal-de-lals all over them. In another, called “Good Taste,” suggestions are given for the suitable frock to wear “to meet the favourite philosopher.”

The thirtieth Salon des Indépendants, being held at the Champs de Mars near the Ecole Militaire, is now open. It is, as usual, a great fair with wares to suit all tastes and purses and as such is vivid and interesting as a real fair answering to the idea should be. Here we find nonsense to suit other people’s nonsense (in Dr. Johnson’s words) and wisdom ditto, also lunacy and disease, the best and the worst of all. But it is vain to discuss it or to make selections, for here, more than anywhere, what is this one’s meat is the other’s poison.

The annual display of the very respectable Ancienne Société Nouvelle presided over by Rodin—and this is the only part he takes in it now—is being held at the very respectable Georges Petit galleries. Another defaulting artist which this group can little afford to lose is M. Aman-Jean, so it is being kept alive, on the one hand, by the Canadian painter James Wilson Morrice and, on the other, by the woman-sculptor Jane Poupelet. The rest is of disconcerting mediocrity represented by world- and, especially, fashion-renowned names: Lucien Simon, La Gandara etc.

SAINT FIACRE.

On Certain Reforms and Pass-Times.

"THE Church of England," began my friend Bullheim, "is a cross between a comedy and an annoyance."

As a loyal churchman I hastened to contradict this slander upon the ark of our faith.

"The church of England," continued my friend Bullheim, "is undoubtedly an annoyance, it rings bells in our noisiest cities, thereby adding to the already intolerable clatter of modern life. It is undoubtedly a comedy for it ends in unhealthy curates and it culminates in bishops who commemorate the fall of our first parent in the pattern of their arrayment. The head of the English church is the Emperor of India. When in York he is a heretic to the faith of Scotland whereof he is likewise the rightful and lawful head. When in Berwick-on-Tweed he is either an atheist or a Buddhist for the Royal Borough of Berwick is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, neither Scotch, English nor Ulsterian, therefore the religion of the king of England when he rests in Berwick-on-Tweed is, we suppose, a holy mystery to which all answers are equally heretical, and . . ."

"My dear Bullheim," I expostulated, "you . . ."

"I," continued the imperturbable Bullheim, "was about to say that the late Edward the seventh was of so tactful, retiring and conscientious a nature that he would never journey to Berwick for fear of straining his conscience and . . ."

"My dear Bullheim," I finally stopped him, "do any of these things really matter?"

"Really matter!! Do you take me for a writer of paragraphs in the 'Evening Eve'? It isn't so much that they matter as that they contain that salt of incongruity which causes me to speak of the Anglican religion as comic, now I, as an Englishman, fail to see why I should leave the church of my fathers . . ."

"No one," said I, "has the least desire to see you forsake Al Koran, or the Cabala or the Talmud, or whatever they call it."

The above rather stupid conversation with an old but casual friend, a thing slight enough in itself, set me to thinking: Man, in the words of Shakespeare, Bacon, Tolstoi and others, "is an animal no better than woman, or any other animal." "Man is a loquacious creature fallible in regard to all matters save those which concern its stomach, and even in gastronomies not wholly above the commission of mistakes. Man is egregious and gregarious. Man may be divided into several species and some of it goes to church. Some of it does not go to places of public worship but maintains that such places are useful, or curious, or ornamental or monumental, or that the buildings serve as demonstration of how modern buildings should not be erected. In fact there is no limit to the varieties of opinion regarding the old but not immemorial institution, "religion."

"He was so old that he was an atheist," said a friend of mine about a character in some obscure Russian novel. Years and years ago in the time of Darwin and Huxley there actually were such people as atheists, and back before that there were deists, and all this is very, very difficult to explain to a little child, and if I hadn't two young children I wouldn't mind it at all. But how is one to explain all this to a child or a savage? I ask the gentle reader, or the information column, or anyone at all that you like, or the Bishop of Zanzibar whom nobody does seem to like though some of his confrères support him, I ask, in all humility, how is one to explain all this, or any part of this, or nothing but this, to either a child or a savage?

And besides this there is nothing more annoying than having chimes near one's house, chimes that are ill rung, and oft rung, and rung at all times out of season. For they ring chimes at weddings, and in

Morocco they beat tom-toms at weddings to drown out the shrieks of the bride who is usually nine or twelve years of age, and dislikes the ceremony, and with all this and with motor-lorries belching smoke in one's face whenever one rides down Kensington Gore I can't help wondering why, really why, we pay the parson, or keep up a lot of ludicrous institutions.

I'm quite serious about this matter though my style is a little confused. But wouldn't we be really better with no institutions at all? With a really clean sweep of the matter? Isn't it, I mean, the way out, the solution? For the noble Lords want to hang the socialists, and the socialists, a loquacious and tiresome people, want to deport the noble Lords, and nearly everyone who is anything wants to do something to someone who is someone else. It doesn't really matter to me, for I never meet a noble Lord, and I never want to meet a socialist, but my grandmother, or rather my great aunt, for my real grandmother really died before I was born, but any way the old lady always did want me to do something for the advancement and uplift of humanity, and if you want to advance and uplift humanity there is nothing like writing in the press to do it, and do it quickly.

In fact the cause of humanity, the machinery for the advancement of humanity by writing in the daily press has itself become, in our happy age, an art, a science, an institution, and of course there is no use trying to do anything until you get an institution to do it. So I flatter myself, or rather I don't, I just feel my real value when I say that, even if my tone is somewhat light, that, I am actually contributing to the progress of the race by this little causerie. So I will go on with my argument.

My friend Bullheim was really wrong about the church, for if the church was really comic it wouldn't be an annoyance. And if we want complete peace we simply must do away with all institutions and return to a state of savagery more primitive than that of the Fabian society, and then we shall have complete peace and no contentment, and contentment is bad for a man, for as soon as a man is really contented he stops trying to develop his higher nature, and every public speaker and every owner or editor of a daily paper and nearly every influential man, all of 'em, the whole lot believe that man has a higher nature and that he is sent into this world to develop it and that he wants to develop it and that therefore he shouldn't be contented or he won't. And that always did seem to me a contradiction, or rather a baseness in some politicians, who in arguing against those in power, say that the governed are discontented. But life is very complex.

Life is so very complex that even a simple question like this as to whether we ought or ought not to have any institutions at all, seems to lend itself to a great lot of quite different treatments.

I begin with the church because the church is undoubtedly an institution, and I find it unpleasant to have anything to do with a man who knows so little about music as the curates and vicar of this parish. Quakers recognise their incapacity for producing music at 11 a.m. on Sunday and therefore keep quiet, but churchmen and nonconformists to a man and a woman—with a few notable and eccentric exceptions—do not recognise anything of the sort. It therefore narrows itself down to a question of whether we shall abolish the churches or teach all curates to distinguish between Bach and Debussy, and to teach all congregations to sing or to listen, and as this latter is manifestly impossible, I think we had better abolish the churches, or at least limit them by a local option law as is done with saloons, for a "pub" may be noisy if it is just under your window, but you can hear a church a block off and a church is therefore the greater nuisance of the two.

And the form of this essay may be a bit puzzling but I assure the gentle reader that it is modelled on the first and last speech which I ever heard in the House of Commons, which my irreverent Scotch

friend calls a "jaw-house." And therefore I don't see why we shouldn't abolish that too, for it also is an institution and the cause of countless dissensions. They talk about abolishing the Lords (I heard of that even in Italy), why not the Commons? "WHY NOT THE COMMONS!!!" as the "Evening Eve" would say.

I realise, regarding these reforms, that it is not so much a question as to whether they are desirable as to "whether they are feasible," and if feasible, in how far they may be carried out without endangering governmental stability, social stability, moral stability and ecclesiastical stability.

Having decided those points it will be necessary to consider whether any of these four kinds of stability are desirable, or inevitable or insupportable. And this cannot be decided without some animadversion upon the agents, that is upon those who are to desire, support or avoid these various stabilities. And the trouble with all modern argument is that it simply will not consider serious matters with that detailed and perfected thoroughness which was, in happier ages, bestowed even upon matters which now appear to us trumpery and effete and metaphysical.

We therefore see that we cannot properly or fittingly undertake the discussion of these affairs without discussing, first, the educational system and deciding whether Mazzini was right in saying "the only remedy is to educate." And that is a very grave question to raise, for it opens the old problem propounded by Machiavelli, viz. "Is it better to be governed by one fool or by several?"

Poor Machiavelli! he said, "If the people are behaving stupidly, some intelligent person may arrive and persuade them to do differently, but a foolish and obstinate prince, who can dissuade him?" Poor Machiavelli, he lived at a most interesting time, in an age fairly dripping with tyrants, and he believed in democracy. Democracy had existed for him only as an intellectual pass-time.

We live in the presence of democracies, and there is not one of us who does not believe in his holy of holies that a "government, of the people, by the people and for the people" is the worst thing on the face of the earth. We therefore indulge in intellectual pass-times like Machiavelli, we agitate for forty-nine sorts of freedom, all theoretical. We would like freedom from the tyranny of the Gas and Coke company or from our just debts. This would not be an intellectual pass-time, but a relief. It can never therefore become a political issue, or a moral issue or an ecclesiastical issue. In the face of such a monstrous injustice as gas bills, coke bills, coat bills we can utter nothing save cheques.

It is therefore impossible that any broad-minded man should have "principles" regarding a reform of, or a reformation of, gas bills, for a principle must be something one can talk about. It must be something high, lofty, impracticable. It must lead us toward something useless and undesired, which we, ourselves, do not want or need and by which we can in no wise benefit. We should either believe or pretend that it will confer inestimable benefit on someone whom we have not met and whom we never will meet, and preferably upon a class not a person, or better yet a nation.

This is the quaintest of quixotisms for at no time in the history of the world has a "nation" ever profited by any one thing or measure. And this brings us to the wholly unsolvable problem: If everyone devoted himself to getting what he or she wanted, instead of agitating for something supposedly desired by a vague and indefinite "they," would we or would we not see the country not "going to" but actually arriving at that vague and indefinite bourne called categorically "The Dogs"? I ask all these various questions, and propound all these arguments in that sort of serious helplessness which is the hall-mark and ear-mark of the especially modern man. It all depends on the vote.

HERMAN CARL GEORG JESUS MARIA.

The Causes and Remedy of the Poverty of China.

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[NOTE.—The following MSS. was left with me by a Chinese official. I might have treated it in various ways. He suggested that I should rewrite it. I might excerpt the passages whereof I disapprove but I prefer to let it alone. At a time when China has replaced Greece in the intellectual life of so many occidentals, it is interesting to see in what way the occidental ideas are percolating into the orient. We have here the notes of a practical and technical Chinaman. There are also some corrections, I do not know by whom, but I leave them as they are.—EZRA POUND.]

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(3) Causes in connection with politics of the country. Our nation has hitherto been submitted to the yoke of despotism. The empire has been generally regarded as the personal property of a despot. Consequently whatever was done was done with the object of protecting the said personal property of the despot, deliberately disregarding the furtherance of the interests of the people and the progress of the civilisation of the country. It is true that in the book of rites the system for the management of finances of the country has been dealt with at some length setting forth quite minute details, but it is rather a system of how to exact from the people more money for the despot than to devise for the people a way to produce wealth for themselves. Hence it is rather the economy of the despot than an economy for the people.

Since Chin and Han Dynasties, it has become a principle generally accepted by the despots that the common people should be led and not be educated in the state affairs. Being poisoned by this fallacy, the systems of military defence, the criminal code, and protective measures guarding against the outbreak of the people, have been again and again revised to such perfection that there seems to be no room left for improvement: but with regard to the interests of the people such as the improvement of agriculture, industry or commerce, not a thought has been bestowed. However there have occasionally been edicts encouraging agriculture or fixing the farming system, but all these have invariably been nothing but a means to increase the land taxes enlarging the receipts of the revenue of the country. In other countries the local officials are men who have made it their business to develop the educational and financial conditions of the places under their jurisdiction: but not so with our local officials, such as Chow and Hsien, whose sole object has hitherto been to guard against the rebellion of the people, and who would be commended as competent officials if they show skill in deciding the lawsuits of the people, or be punctual in obtaining the revenues for the Government. In other words, the policy of the Chinese Government was to defend the Government against the people, and not to advance the interests of the nation. All that has been done is to safeguard the personal interest of the sovereign and not that of the people. This may be considered as a result of despotism. Therefore whenever the wealth or the poverty of the nation is spoken of, it means exclusively the wealth or poverty of the sovereign. Between the two extremes the sovereign and the people there is a third class of people, i.e., the squeezing and corrupt officialdom. This class of people are the richest, and their riches have invariably been the result of dishonesty. It is almost certain that their ill-gotten wealth will soon be ill spent. With reference to the common people, Wen, Emperor of the Han Dynasty said that one hundred pieces of

gold should be considered as movable property of 10 families of the middle class, hence each family would possess 10 pieces of gold. When one family should accumulate 1000 pieces of gold it may be considered as the richest in the empire, and such family perhaps may be found one among ten thousand or one hundred thousand. As the wealth has been so limited it is no wonder that whenever there is famine or any other calamity the weak will starve to death and the strong will become thieves and robbers. From the above it will be easy to understand the difficulty of the maintenance of lives for the people of this country. The people of this country have been well known for their industry and patience. Whenever they venture to start a trade in foreign countries they have always succeeded, but whenever they start any enterprise in their own country failure will almost be sure. This has been due to a bad Government, which has been despotic and has imposed upon the people unjust taxes, and which has impeded instead of developing the condition of the people.

(4) Causes in connection with geographical positions. Geography has great influence upon the livelihood of the people. The territory in Europe is small: the nations are living closely one with other and it is known that one mountain range or river may pass through several countries. Thus it has been very convenient for their trade and commerce, which is the only road to struggle and progress. It is seen from the commercial history of Europe from the sixteenth century that the development of the people there for the last three centuries has been by leaps and bounds. The inhabitants have increased eight times, the prices of articles have increased 12 times, and the production of wealth and the increase of revenues of all resources are simply astonishing. With us since the Chin and Han Dynasties 2000 years ago there has been no progress in the livelihood of the people, and the reason is not far to seek, China has long been living in seclusion in the Far East, having no contact with the outside world. Internally on account of the lack of proper means of communications and the vastness of territory, people living separately in distance from one another have been content to live and die in their native places and to follow the methods of agriculture and industry handed down from their forefathers. Hence the influence of conservatism prevails, and for ages we have the same capital for the country and the same method of carrying on business. The result of the lack of proper means of communications has been that in the east and the south the territory is overpopulated, while in the west and the north many fertile lands are lying waste, which being uncultivated are of no value to the state. Being densely populated the produce of the land is insufficient to meet the demands of the population, and the fact is that the supply of food for one man has to be divided into two or more shares in order to satisfy all. This has always been the consequence of robbery and starvation. The principle of economy is production and consumption; but having no facility of communication both the production and the consumption cannot be adjusted with one another, hence the present poverty. This is the reason why the inhabitants along the sea ports are more rich, and the people in more secluded places are poor and miserable. Therefore geography has a great deal to say regarding the livelihood of the people. This is the reason that foreigners can decide the condition of the society of the people by the length of sea coast and the lines of railways of the country.

The causes under the above four groups are those which are more prominent ones, but there are many more sub-causes derived from the above. As causes have produced their effects and the effects become new causes, for tens of dynasties the evil influence has thus become deeply rooted with attracting the attention of the people. The power of customs and

habits has thus reigned in the minds of the myriads bringing bondage to every man. Therefore should it be desired that the poverty of the nation be removed, it is imperative that to go to the root of the matter the principle of education handed down for thousands of years should undergo a revolution and that a new element should be introduced into the 21 provinces to work for a great change. Otherwise there will be no hope. At the present critical juncture when the aggressive neighbours are hovering around ready to pounce upon us surely there is no time to be lost. We must work from the foundation and fix a policy for reform. Consequently we should suggest the advisability of adopting the following policy which consists of both radical and conservative methods. The former aims to develop every branch of the affairs of the people, intending to promote their welfare permanently, and the latter aims to remedy the present situation of the country, intending to save the expenditure of the state by exercising strict economy. By adopting the above policy it is our expectation that China may one day be compared with her sister Republic in the other hemisphere.

By F. T. S.

(To be Continued.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.

(Chapter I.—continued.)

By JAMES JOYCE.

A VOICE from far out on the playground cried :
— All in !

And other voices cried :

— All in ! All in !

During the writing lesson he sat with his arms folded, listening to the slow scraping of the pens. Mr. Harford went to and fro making little signs in red pencil and sometimes sitting beside the boy to show him how to hold his pen. He had tried to spell out the headline for himself though he knew already what it was, for it was the last of the book. *Zeal without prudence is like a ship adrift.* But the lines of the letters were like fine invisible threads and it was only by closing his right eye tight tight and staring out of the left eye that he could make out the full curves of the capital.

But Mr. Harford was very decent and never got into a wax. All the other masters got into dreadful waxes. But why were they to suffer for what fellows in the Higher Line did? Wells had said that they had drunk some of the altar wine out of the press in the sacristy and that it had been found out who had done it by the smell. Perhaps they had stolen a monstrance to run away with it and sell it somewhere. That must have been a terrible sin, to go in there quietly at night, to open the dark press and steal the flashing gold thing into which God was put on the altar in the middle of flowers and candles at benediction while the incense went up in clouds at both sides as the fellow swung the censor and Dominic Kelly sang the first part by himself in the choir. But God was not in it of course when they stole it. But still it was a strange and a great sin even to touch it. He thought of it with deep awe; a terrible and strange sin: it thrilled him to think of it in the silence when the pens scraped lightly. But to drink the altar wine out of the press and be found out by the smell was a sin too: but it was not terrible and strange. It only made you feel a little sickish on account of the smell of the wine. Because on the day when he had made his first holy communion in the Chapel he had shut his eyes and opened his mouth and put out his tongue a little: and when the rector had stooped down to give him the holy communion he had smelt a faint winy smell off the rector's breath

after the wine of the mass. The word was beautiful : wine. It made you think of dark purple because the grapes were dark purple that grew in Greece outside houses like white temples. But the faint smell off the rector's breath had made him feel a sick feeling on the morning of his first communion. The day of your first communion was the happiest day of your life. And once a lot of generals had asked Napoleon what was the happiest day of his life. They thought he would say the day he won some great battle or the day he was made an emperor. But he said :

— Gentlemen, the happiest day of my life was the day on which I made my first holy communion.

Father Arnall came in and the Latin lesson began and he remained still leaning on the desk with his arms folded. Father Arnall gave out the theme-books and he said that they were scandalous and that they were all to be written out again with the corrections at once. But the worst of all was Fleming's theme because the pages were stuck together by a blot : and Father Arnall held it up by a corner and said it was an insult to any master to send him up such a theme. Then he asked Jack Lawton to decline the noun *mare* and Jack Lawton stopped at the ablative singular and could not go on with the plural.

— You should be ashamed of yourself, said Father Arnall sternly. You, the leader of the class !

Then he asked the next boy and the next and the next. Nobody knew. Father Arnall became very quiet, more and more quiet as each boy tried to answer it and could not. But his face was black looking and his eyes were staring though his voice was so quiet. Then he asked Fleming and Fleming said that that word had no plural. Father Arnall suddenly shut the book and shouted at him :

— Kneel out there in the middle of the class. You are one of the idlest boys I ever met. Copy out your themes again the rest of you.

Fleming moved heavily out of his place and knelt between the two last benches. The other boys bent over their theme-books and began to write. A silence filled the classroom and Stephen, glancing timidly at Father Arnall's dark face, saw that it was a little red from the wax he was in.

Was that a sin for Father Arnall to be in a wax or was he allowed to get into a wax when the boys were idle because that made them study better or was he only letting on to be in a wax? It was because he was allowed because a priest would know what a sin was and would not do it. But if he did it one time by mistake what would he do to go to confession? Perhaps he would go to confession to the minister. And if the minister did it he would go to the rector : and the rector to the provincial : and the provincial to the general of the jesuits. That was called the order : and he had heard his father say that they were all clever men. They could all have become high-up people in the world if they had not become jesuits. And he wondered what Father Arnall and Paddy Barrett would have become and what Mr. McGlade and Mr. Gleeson would have become if they had not become jesuits. It was hard to think what because you would have to think of them in a different way with different coloured coats and trousers and with beards and moustaches and different kinds of hats.

The door opened quietly and closed. A quick whisper ran through the class : the prefect of studies. There was an instant of dead silence and then the loud crack of a pandybat on the last desk. Stephen's heart leapt up in fear.

— Any boys want flogging here, Father Arnall? cried the prefect of studies. Any lazy idle loafers that want flogging in this class?

He came to the middle of the class and saw Fleming on his knees.

— Hoho ! he cried. Who is this boy? Why is he on his knees? What is your name, boy?

— Fleming, sir.

— Hoho, Fleming ! An idler of course. I can

see it in your eye. Why is he on his knees, Father Arnall?

— He wrote a bad Latin theme, Father Arnall said, and he missed all the questions in grammar.

— Of course he did ! cried the prefect of studies, of course he did ! A born idler ! I can see it in the corner of his eye.

He banged his pandybat down on the desk and cried :

— Up, Fleming ! Up, my boy !

Fleming stood up slowly.

— Hold out ! cried the prefect of studies.

Fleming held out his hand. The pandybat came down on it with a loud smacking sound : one, two, three, four, five, six.

— Other hand !

The pandybat came down again in six loud quick smacks.

— Kneel down ! cried the prefect of studies.

Fleming knelt down squeezing his hands under his armpits, his face contorted with pain, but Stephen knew how hard his hands were because Fleming was always rubbing rosin into them. But perhaps he was in great pain for the noise of the pandies was terrible. Stephen's heart was beating and fluttering.

— At your work, all of you ! shouted the prefect of studies. We want no lazy idle loafers here, lazy idle little schemers. At your work, I tell you. Father Dolan will be in to see you every day. Father Dolan will be in to-morrow.

He poked one of the boys in the side with the pandybat, saying :

— You, boy ! When will Father Dolan be in again?

— To-morrow, sir, said Tom Furlong's voice.

— To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow, said the prefect of studies. Make up your minds for that. Every day Father Dolan. Write away. You, boy, who are you?

Stephen's heart jumped suddenly.

— Dedalus, sir.

— Why are you not writing like the others?

— I . . . my . . .

He could not speak with fright.

— Why is he not writing, Father Arnall?

— He broke his glasses, said Father Arnall, and I exempted him from work.

— Broke? What is this I hear? What is this? Your name is? said the prefect of studies.

— Dedalus, sir.

— Out here, Dedalus. Lazy little schemer. I see schemer in your face. Where did you break your glasses?

Stephen stumbled into the middle of the class, blinded by fear and haste.

— Where did you break your glasses? repeated the prefect of studies.

— The cinderpath, sir.

— Hoho ! The cinderpath ! cried the prefect of studies. I know that trick.

Stephen lifted his eyes in wonder and saw for a moment Father Dolan's white grey not young face, his baldy white grey head with fluff at the sides of it, the steel rims of his spectacles and his no-coloured eyes looking through the glasses. Why did he say he knew that trick?

— Lazy idle little loafer ! cried the prefect of studies. Broke my glasses ! An old schoolboy trick ! Out with your hand this moment !

Stephen closed his eyes and held out in the air his trembling hand with the palm upwards. He felt the prefect of studies touch it for a moment at the fingers to straighten it and then the swish of the sleeve of the soutane as the pandybat was lifted to strike. A hot burning, stinging, tingling blow like the loud crack of a broken stick made his trembling hand crumple together like a leaf in the fire : and at the sound and the pain scalding tears were driven into his eyes. His whole body was shaking with fright, his arm was shaking and his crumpled, burning, livid hand shook like a loose leaf in the air. A

cry sprang to his lips, a prayer to be let off. But though the tears scalded his eyes and his limbs quivered with pain and fright he held back the hot tears and the cry that scalded his throat.

— Other hand! shouted the prefect of studies.

Stephen drew back his maimed and quivering right arm and held out his left hand. The soutane sleeve swished again as the pandybat was lifted and a loud crashing sound and a fierce maddening, tingling, burning pain made his hand shrink together with the palms and fingers in a livid quivering mass. The scalding water burst forth from his eyes and burning with shame and agony and fear, he drew back his shaking arm in terror and burst out into a whine of pain. His body shook with a palsy of fright and in shame and rage he felt the scalding cry come from his throat and the scalding tears falling out of his eyes and down his flaming cheeks.

— Kneel down! cried the prefect of studies.

Stephen knelt down quickly pressing his beaten hands to his sides. To think of them beaten and swollen with pain all in a moment made him feel so sorry for them as if they were not his own but someone else's that he felt sorry for. And as he knelt, calming the last sobs in his throat and feeling the burning, tingling pain pressed in to his sides, he thought of the hands which he had held out in the air with the palms up and of the firm touch of the prefect of studies when he had steadied the shaking fingers and of the beaten, swollen, reddened mass of palm and fingers that shook helplessly in the air.

— Get at your work, all of you, cried the prefect of studies from the door. Father Dolan will be in every day to see if any boy, any lazy, idle little loafer wants flogging. Every day. Every day.

The door closed behind him.

(To be continued.)

Poems.

By D. H. LAWRENCE.

A WINTER'S TALE.

Yesterday the fields were only grey with scattered snow,

And now the longest grass-leaves hardly emerge;
Yet her deep footprints scar the fall, and go
On towards the pines behind the hills' white verge.

I cannot see her, since the mists' pale scarf
Obscures the purplish wood and the dull orange sky,

But she's waiting, I know, impatient and cold, half
Sobs struggling into her frosty sigh.

Why does she come so promptly, when she must know

She is only the nearer to the inevitable farewell?

The hill is steep, in the snow my steps are slow—

Why does she come, when she knows what I have to tell?

SONG.

Love has crept out of her sealed heart
As a field bee, black and amber,
Breaks from the winter cell, to clamber
Up the warm grass where the sunbeams start.

Love has crept into her summery eyes,
And a glint of coloured sunshine brings,
Such as lies along the folded wings
Of the bee before he flies.

But I with my ruffling, impatient breath
Have loosened the wings of the wild young sprite;
He has opened them out in a reeling flight
And into her words he hasteneth.

Love flies delighted in her voice,

The hum of his glittering, drunken wings
Sets quivering with music the common things
That she says, and her simple words rejoice.

EARLY SPRING.

The sun sets wide the yellow crocuses
To fill them up their brimming measures,
And deep in the golden wine of their chalices
Sway the live pearls their flowering pledges.

The breeze wakes up a music in the sallow,
About it golden-stopped notes,
Then down the breeze, light wafting o'er the fallow,
Pass like a tune the sallow's golden notes.

When softly I call at her door, and enter the room,
Gold, gold, deep gold her glowing eyes unfold,
While trembling somewhere in their wondrous gloom
A little wild bubble is loosing hold.

So she closes her eyes; but the aimless breeze of the woods

Comes over to me with a covert music that stirs
My quivering answer, and kisses like fragrance of flowers

Pass unseen from my lips to hers.

HONEYMOON.

I wonder, can the night go by,
Can this shot arrow of travel fly
Shaft-golden with light, at the joint of the sky
And out into morning,
Without delivering once my eye
From sight of me, without once your turning
Your face toward my agony?

What is it then that you can see,
As at the window endlessly
You watch the fire sparks swirl and flee
And the night look through?
The sight of you peering lonely there
Oppresses me, I can scarcely bear
To share the train with you.

Still I must sit in agony
As you chouch and turn away from me,
In torture of your proximity—
Oh, I would not love you—
How I have longed for this night in the train,
Yet every fibre of me cries in pain
Now to God to remove you.

But surely, surely I know that still
Come on us another night, you will
Lift up your measure to me to fill—
Touch cups and drink.
It is only I find it hard to bear,
To have you sitting averted there
With all your senses ashrink.

But my dear love, when another night
Comes on us, you'll lift your fingers white
And strip me naked, touch be alight,
Light, light all over?
For I ache most earnestly for your touch,
I am ashamed that I ache so much
For you, my lover.

For night after night with a blemish of day
Unblown and unblossomed has withered away:
Come another night, come to-morrow, say
Will you pluck it apart?
Will you loose the heavy, weary bud
To the fire and rain, will you take the flood
Of me to heart,
To the very heart?

FOOLED.

Hollow rang the house when I knocked at the door,
And I lingered on the threshold with my hand
Upraised to knock and knock once more;
Listening for the sound of her feet across the floor,
Hollow re-echoed my heart.

The low-hung lamps stretched down the street,
With shadows drifting underneath,
With a music of light, melodious feet
Quickening my hope as I hasted to meet
The low-hung light of her eyes.

The golden lamps down the street went out,
The last car trailed the night behind,
And I in the darkness wandered about
With a flutter of hope and of dark-shut doubt
In the golden lamp of my love.

Two brown ponies trotting slowly
Stopped at the dim-lit trough to drink,
A dark van drummed in melancholy,
While the city stars, so high and holy,
Drew nearer to search through the street.

A hastening car swept shameful past,
I saw her hid in the shadows,
I saw her step to the kerb, and fast
Run to the silent door, where last
I had stood with my hand uplifted.

She clung to the door in her haste to enter,
Opened, and quickly cast
It shut behind her, leaving the street aghast.

Léon Deubel.

FROM time to time are born among men a scattering of individuals in whom a single faculty is inherently so developed that it overpowers all other faculties and forces them into the background. These are the born specialists. The difference between the average man and the born specialist is seen in their respective abilities to adapt themselves; the former is infinitely pliable, the latter is brittle. He is a key to open a single lock; he may be broken but cannot be bent to serve a double turn.

When this single faculty is a kind of insight into the lyric significance of things (to use an expression whose vagueness lends it safety) we call him who possesses it a "true artist." True artists may choose any medium of expression whatever, but they must express their feelings for natural lyricism because it is all they have. Prophets, thinkers, political reformers, all make use of artistic means to accomplish their several ends. The true artist has but one end: the expression of his vision into the immanence of things. He has but the one faculty: it is so overmastering a passion that will, self-control, adaptability—the paraphernalia of common sense—are as though non-existent.

To the world at large he says, rejoice with me, for I bring you new beauty. Upon the world's reply depends the future of the artist. If he, a being whose "useful activity" is severely restricted to the practice of his art, cannot awaken enough response in his fellows to make them willing to recognise it, there is, save in the rare cases where the artist may draw on a private income, nothing for him to do but renounce his vocation, or contrive to leave an indifferent world. Either we of the crowd have another painter, sculptor, poet or musician for the enriching of our days, or there is added to the burden upon the back of the race the weight of another suicide.

Many people who are not artists, having become desperate or disillusioned, have found it easier to take the great leap than to continue an existence that

appeared too heartlessly alien. We of the multitude feel more keenly, however, the self-annihilation of an artist because the artist is, in proportion to his development, our greatest benefactor. In our hearts we know we have made a bad transaction in letting such an one die. And so we heap upon the new grave fresh flowers—how green are the graves of dead poets!—and raise our voices to the departed in the shaky cadences of an all but empty acclaim.

The twelfth of April, 1913, the body of the poet Léon Deubel was lifted from the waters of the river Marne, near Paris. At the inquisition that followed the evidence seemed clear: the case was pronounced a suicide. Little notice was, however, taken of the event, and not until midsummer did anyone trouble himself to cast light upon the situation. Then in the periodicals appeared several articles on Deubel, written by friends of the dead man. The public became slightly agitated. A poet, a real poet, had been among them and been unrecognised even by the élite. Curiosity demanded that the facts of his life be submitted to public gaze. But as one friend wrote happily, "The biography of Léon Deubel is blended with the history of his work. His occasions of sadness and joy, his periods of high spirits and of lassitude, his rancour and his pride—he has cast them all into his poems. Why seek them elsewhere?"

There is indeed scant use in making known the fact that the poet was not pushed to his act by hunger. That which might in some cases serve to vindicate humanity is here inapplicable. Though Deubel was rarely without enough to eat, it is none the less true that the thirty-four years of his life were passed in a world that starved him. He asked recognition, not for himself, but for his work. When this was refused he felt himself a dead appendage to the living body of literature. When his pain at simple neglect became too poignant, he took the simple way out that, for all our sentimentalism, statutes and social philosophies, lies at the disposal of each of us. A contemporary describes him as a man without *nuances*. For such as this there is to-day but one remedy.

Deubel was not a great poet. Among English-speaking peoples he would have been called a minor poet, as Keats has been called a minor poet. He had no message, he treated no problems, he took little interest in sociology or economics. What he did was to write a number of very perfect poems, preferably in the regular classical form. Had he been born an Arab or a Moor his fame would have been secure, since the Moors and Arabs regard the gift of song as divine and anyone possessing it is assured of a hearing among them. Having had the misfortune to live in a civilised country (it does not in the least matter which one) Deubel paid the penalty. The gods might find amusement in the fact that he chose to sing of the "old human subjects," those eternal emotions that the common man is supposed to love.

The mass of Youth in France to-day are producing works that are dangerously near to being imitations of the Titan, Emile Verhaeren. Verhaeren, by personal power and prodigious vision, has been able to sing in great rough chants the significant beauty of modernity. Deubel, unlike many of his fellow poets, refused to force his inspiration and seek modern subjects for his songs. He did not pretend to see in the externals of the civilisation that martyred him, any specious beauty.

Instead he carried the banner of the older tradition—which may, in a slight measure, account for the obscurity in which he remained. Says M. Roger Allard ("La Phalange," July, 1913), "In fact it is Lamartine to whom Deubel is linked, across Verlaine and symbolism." Deubel's habit of frankly presenting his emotional depths, his lyric felicity, and the gentle simplicity of expression that he employed on nearly all occasions, do savour of both Lamartine and Verlaine, enriched by the right to subjectivity which is the enduring fruit of the battle waged by the

Symbolists. As a lad he worshipped the memory of Verlaine and strove with rare success to write in the manner of that unstable visionary. Later he became more independent. His verse, which, like Verlaine's, seemed equally ready to slide forward into the modern *vers libres*, or to return to classic regularity, became definitely oriented toward the latter. In his Verlainian period he wrote short lines of eight and nine syllables, seeking that organic unity that is not explained in any treatise, but is recognised when form, image and sound are in true accord.

As he grew older his manner became more vigorous, and his verses longer. The note of suffering became a more insistent challenge. Often he exchanged his flute for the cornet:

"Idéal ! Idéal ! O Roland plein de gloire !
Avant de retourner à la pensée des dieux,
Sache emboucher encor ton oliphant d'ivoire
Et jette à l'univers un appel furieux. . . ."

Perhaps it is the choice of subject here, but more probably the stern dignity of both form and content that make one think inevitably of Alfred de Vigny. Both Vigny and Deubel were pessimists. But Deubel could not long hold up the mask of challenge. He was of more pliable material.

The keynote of his poetry is pain, wistful, smiling and intense. Almost everything he encountered seems, directly or by its power of suggestion, to have hurt him. "In the art of turning suffering to the profit of his poetry," writes M. Allard, "he equals Jean Moréas, whose sombre ardour and despairing bitterness he shared." Literally, he did not know how to ingratiate himself with critics or fellow poets, yet their neglect cut him to vital depths.

"Seigneur, pardonnez moi s'ils ne m'ont pas aimé !" The sorrow, the humble bitterness, make a heartrending apostrophe.

In almost equal measure, though indirectly, Deubel suffered from material cares. Upon one occasion he spent two weeks in the streets, living upon public charity, sleeping under bridges, with a Belgian political refugee named Gueubel for his sole companion. To assuage his hunger he was compelled to perform all sorts of depressing work. At one time he gained the scantiest possible of livelihoods by addressing envelopes for a fashionable millinery establishment.

"Et je me couche au lit de la détresse humaine" is his constant assertion. It must have needed an almost hopeless despair to inspire the following lines

"Seigneur, je suis sans pain, sans rêve et sans demure,
Les hommes m'ont chassé parce que je suis nu. . . ."

Happily, the simplicity of this avowal embodies a little insincerity. Deubel was never "sans rêve." His dream remained with him to the last. Steadily, during the long periods when he led the outward life of a menial, he was endeavouring to write studied, elevated poetry. The key to his artist's conscience is desire for perfect expressiveness. This desire, that leads often to a harmful prevalence of form over content, he was able to tame, perhaps because æstheticism does not fare well in poverty. Curiously enough, with a premonition not uncommon among suicides,* he half saw his own end.

"Ne crains-tu pas celui que le mal désenchante,
Aveugle à ce qui brille et sourd à ce qui chante
Dont la vie est semblable à quelque morne grève,
Et qui dans le jour vaste et multiple qui luit,
Trahi par la chimère en fuite de son rêve,
Sanglote vers l'étroite unité de la nuit?"

The happy spot in his universe—the only one—was his delight in the presence of nature. He was able

to live fully only in the country. It is a long way from "La Chanson Balbutiante," published in 1899 when the poet was twenty, to the posthumous poems. A current of sentiment unites the two groups—love of flowers, trees, birds, all the beautiful organic world. He writes:

"Puisque je trouve enfin le vrai refuge en toi
Nature en qui je vis. . . ."

Again and again the miserable poet retired to some half-solitude to live for a time among the objects of his chiefest delight.

His nature love is not strange in a man so thoroughly pagan—a lover of beauty and the smile of life, in a sunset, a verse or a passionate woman. In a measure he was a sensualist. Yet the pantheon of his pleasures was not without an overlord. He has been called a materialist. Perhaps he sometimes was. In his deepest moments of reflection there is another cry:

"J'aime ma joie, la Source; et mon rire, l'Été;
Et ma pensée, l'Etoile; et mon vouloir, la Pierre;
Ma tristesse, l'Automne; et mon chant, la Lumière;
Et le livre du monde ouvert à mes côtés.

"Je crois à mon corps, l'Arbre; à mon âme, la Chose;
A mon amour, le Feu; à ma force, le Vent;
Je crois au Dieu lointain, cruel et décevant
Et ma croyance en lui a le parfum des roses."

In his nature verse there is a serenity elsewhere absent. Deubel needed quiet. Yet despite everything he returned repeatedly to the city, drawn by the craving for recognition to the life that he felt, abstractly, to be worse than the most agonising obscurity.

Wise men do not consider death an evil. From the time of Socrates it has seemed to many (and they the noblest) less distasteful than dishonour, less fearful than an infringement of the personal ideal. Those who reproach the suicide Léon Deubel for an act of cowardice or condemn him through faith in the dicta of a creed, forget that the first duty of a human being is to be true to his own vision of integrity. Deubel's character, his will particularly, was not robust. His feebleness is touching when we learn that the mania of this young singer was to have a volume published by the "Mercure de France," a dream which has too late been realised. There is, however, a kind of tenacity in weakness, that makes the flinching convict at the oar the equal of the slave-driver. Though unavailing against circumstances, this tenacity enables him who has it to hold through hail and fire to some distant purpose. Such strength Deubel possessed—up to the age of thirty-four. When at length he gave up the struggle for fame ("Régner" was the title he had chosen for his last volume), he renounced only life, not his ambition. Perhaps he saw and carried out the only plan of action that could have so soon immortalized him. Like the "little king of dreamerie" whom, in a poem, he counselled to abdicate before all his subjects had fallen away, Deubel himself quietly left the poetic field he had not known how to hold. And as in the poem faint voices sound across the kingdom, from hilltop to hilltop, an echoing message:

"Le roi s'en va. . . . Il y avait mal à son royaume."

The suicide of Deubel leaves us with a problem. To what must the death of the poet be traced, to his own weakness, or to a society so organised and controlled that it contains no place for the man of but one faculty, if that faculty be not of a nature to obtain immediate acclaim? To both, no doubt; but with reservations. The facts of the case are stated clearly by M. Léon Bocquet, editor of "Le Beffroi," where many of Deubel's verses appeared.

"Léon Deubel," writes M. Bocquet, "died of not being able to adapt himself to his epoch, of not

* The precise reference is to Shelley, see "Julian and Maddalo."

having known how to subdue himself to the tasks that would have assured him his daily bread, and that he esteemed injurious to the eminent dignity of a poet. He died of not having looked at life save with the hallucinated eyes of dream. He always remained a child. . . . He seemed a sleeper standing in the midst of very practical and busy people. . . . He turned his back upon life in order that his reverie might be less distracted. One thing alone remained a reason for his existing: his art. He esteemed himself to have done a day's work as soon as he had produced one beautiful line of verse."

How many times before has society heard the same dismal story of death, and listened unmoved to the diagnosis? Indeed the incident were best passed over entirely were there not a chance that people, better instructed than their fathers, may hearken, not to the voice of idealism but to the voice of self-interest. It is stupid to hold back a measure of approval, even a little material imbursement, from anyone engaged in the creation of beauty. Mr. Alvin S. Johnson, a "practical man," has ventured to state his view of the matter. "The poets," he says, "as it were, created kings and knights—ideals toward which actual rulers and nobles sought to elevate themselves." They are still and always creating sketches that suggest a greater beauty, sketches that will, if properly received, unite to form the practical ideal of to-morrow; as the reality of to-day is but the dream of poets who dreamed of democracy and science a century ago. Never, in fact, are the cut-throat methods, the eat or be eaten principles that are still the real basis of human association, so clearly outlined as in cases like this. Ignorance also plays a large part. We see a practical activity that spends years of time and millions of money upon some of its helpless, but resolutely ignores those whose helplessness is most truly fecund, the poets, the dreamers. This may be human nature. It is wretched economy.

* * * *

The following poem by Charles Groz appeared in "La Phalange," Paris, August 20, 1913. I have taken the liberty of translating it in its entirety.

TO LEON DEUBEL.

"The gods had made him neither ploughman nor gardener." —Homer.

"In order to gain our livelihood we lose our reasons for living. The great vocation of a free soul is so powerful a reason for living that it can never reconcile itself with the need for gaining a livelihood." —A. Suarès.

You said . . .
— shrugging as though to lift a world
those shoulders men's neglect has bowed—
You said . . .
— your breath in one great wave upheaved
your chest (no ship had stauncher side)—
You said . . .
— the words came bleeding from your lips
as from a wound, oblique,
ill-banded by a little faded lint—
You said . . .
— and on your sweet, heroic cheek
a smile was crucified—
You said . . .
— what sudden frown of hate o'erdrops
the pale transparency of your moist eyes,
your dear, dear eyes that knew so well to drown
the tender waters?—

You said:—

"They put me in an office in a town,
— (the Christ beneath his cross was smiling, so we heard)—

But I . . . you understand: I am a lyre-bird."

EDGAR A. MOWRER.

Correspondence.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS—While quite willing to publish letters under noms de plume, we make it a condition of publication that the name and address of each correspondent should be supplied to the Editor.—ED.

THE NEW SCULPTURE.

To the Editor THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

Auceps—a Fowler—(see Latin Grammar). Have I not caught two fayre fowles? Have I not trapped two pretty birds, pluming themselves, with less reason than Mr. Epstein's for-once-not-ithyphallic creation, on their own discreditable perfections and swift perception of impertinences?

But the tune is changed, Madam, the tune is changed; they do not even sing in harmony, which I regret, for if they did I would have set them both in a cage so that I might hear more of this sweet new-born melody.

"Torotorotorotix kikkabau kikkabau!" squeals one of them. "Look, brother Ezra, sweet brother artist, our master Fowler hath no feeling. O monstrous! Kikkabau kikkabau!"

"Popopopopou io io!" wails the other tunefully. "Nay, dear Gaudier, sweet Gaudier, chuck-chuck chuck-a-darling, he has too much feeling, he is a sentimentalist. Tititititina Tereutereu!"

Such is the delicate melody which flows from them whose manly hearts beat together in noble Spartan sympathy as they produce works of art upon instinct ("Ay, upon instinct, Jack!") and hew their emotions in putty.

The impertinent Auceps! The ignominious Brzeska! (Kikkabau kikkabau!)

But we must not be "ironic," we may not "ridicule."

And yet—

I would they had called me "Duc-a-dame" and not "Auceps"; what a pretty *plaisanterie* (though we must not use French) I had made now, for, Madam, Duc-a-dame is a word to call fools together; and who says that I have failed?

But, Madam, I will be serious with you. I call upon you to re-read my letter and to witness three things.

1. I did not complain that Mr. Pound had not stopped to quote the whole of Reinach's "Apollo" in "The New Sculpture," an article of 1000 words; but I have no doubt that it would have been a much better article if Mr. Pound had selected for publication a 1000 words from Herr Reinach's book instead of displaying his own offensive incompetence. Moreover I am not so certain in my own mind that Mr. Pound is not blaguing here; it is like enough that he knows nothing of Reinach's work except the title of his book. It is not difficult to pick up such things from one's journalistic friends.

2. I made no reference whatever to Pater or to his ideas. I have not read the works of Pater, unless you wish to call a just appreciation of his "Renaissance" reading his works.

3. I made no reference to NOR did I quote from the Encyclopædia Britannica. I can readily understand that any sort of knowledge of a subject would at once suggest to a person like Mr. Pound the idea that the writer had consulted that august work. But the Encyclopædia Britannica did not enter my head all the time I was writing to you. And I fear that Mr. Pound's reference to it and the new scraps of knowledge which he displays suggest only too obviously a recent pilgrimage to that Castalian source of journalism of the "New Sculpture" kind.

For, Madam, he has discovered Poussin and Apelles, and he prefers the work of Mr. Wyndham Lewis to that of either. He is fortunate above all living men, for, Madam—be it whispered gently—NO PAINTING OF APELLES IS EXTANT. O fortunate senex! Would that I, a youth, had likewise beheld the paintings of Apelles.

But do I stray from my pretty birds? ("Torotorotorotix kikkabau kikkabau!") They are still trilling. But the song is different, it is not like the first. Hoity-toity! How grand they are grown in their new feathers, decked out for the new company of Pound-Brzeska Ltd. Mutual Admiration Company and Inter-puffing Association!

Let me quote a few bars from Song 1, The New Sculpture:—

"This stuff is a d—n sight more interesting than Rodin at his plaster-castiest . . ."

"The Greeks whose sculpture reminds all . . . futurists of cake-icing and plaster of Paris."

"Their sculpture (that of the Greeks) has at certain recurring periods been an ideal for super-aesthetes and matinee girls."

Fair, though somewhat bitter words, well-delivered with a troll-me-dame swagger and a cocked hat.

Now hear our Hebrew nightingale's last melody of the heart:—

"The gods forbid that I should set myself up as an art critic." (They did forbid, Horatio, they did.)

"Epstein working in form produces something which moves me who am moderately interested in form." ("Moderately interested!" What a plague has he to talk of it, then?)

"Let us confess that we admire some Greek works more than others." (O cake-icing! O plaster-of-Paris! O Praxiteles!)

But though you bray a fool in a mortar &c.; why should we waste breath?

I wrote my former letter to you, Madam, not because I have any quarrel with Mr. Epstein and his followers—a new formula, or an old one revived, is always interesting in the arts—or even with Mr. Gaudier-Brzeska. I did write it because I wished to ridicule certain things in the article called "The New Sculpture." These were its bumptious pretentiousness, its priggish and contemptuous attitude towards works of art which the author obviously had not studied, and the author's utterly uncritical willingness to set above all other sculpture the work of Mr. Epstein and especially that of a youth like Mr. Gaudier-Brzeska. Three of Mr. Brzeska's productions were reproduced on the back page of THE EGOIST. Those who saw them and his work at the Goupil Gallery will decide for themselves whether these hunks of clay and stone are trivial and stupid or beautiful. That is not exactly the point to be decided. I quarrel with the method of propagating the cult of these pretty monstrosities; and I refuse to be bullied into liking them or to be bullied out of liking beautiful Greek statues.

One more point. Both these "rare birds" try to give the appearance of a profound knowledge of my personality. This is not so; they do not know me; and I am happy to say that I do not know them and that I do not want to know them.

Let us now leave these two friends, who in their lives were beautiful, sitting in their eminent friend's parlour, contemplating with bulging eye-balls the futurist parrot outlined against a hard grey-silver twilight.

Olympus.

AUCEPS.

WOMEN'S PARTICIPATION IN POLITICS.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

I have always been a great woman suffragist, but all the same I am sorry to see the suffrage papers pretending that extending the franchise to women has already done good in the English-speaking countries where it has been tried. The truth is that women have thus far used their votes in a very stupid and often cruel manner.

The woman suffrage State that I take most interest in is California, because I happened to take part in the early part of the campaign which enfranchised women in that State. In the "Suffragette" of Feb. 13, Mildred E. Mansel heaps praise on the women of California for the magnificent legislation they have carried through. Among other Acts of the Legislature she mentions "one raising the age of consent to eighteen years and defining the crime of rape; another raising the minimum penalty of rape from five to ten years' imprisonment."

I will explain this a little more fully. In California it is "rape" to have sexual relations with any girl under eighteen, however willing the girl may be. Until lately a boy of sixteen who happened to be seduced by a girl of eighteen might be condemned by a merciful judge to only five years' imprisonment. Women have raised such a howl against this weak-minded clemency, however, that the minimum penalty is now doubled, and the most merciful judge cannot give the unfortunate boy less than ten years' imprisonment.

Even Mrs. Mansel is wise enough not to tell the whole truth. In California the State judges are all elected by popular vote. The great achievement of the women voters in California, which they are never tired of boasting about, is that they appoint committees of women to attend the Courts in order by their presence to overawe the judges into imposing harsh sentences on sexual offenders. A judge who is too merciful will go out at the next election, if not sooner. A California judge was lately removed from his office by popular vote on the ground that he made the bail too low for an offender charged with "rape" in the Californian meaning of the word. You can therefore imagine that judges in California are now very careful not to be too merciful. The courts of California are now imposing sentences which are well qualified to stagger humanity. Yesterday's papers described how a negro in California had just been given thirty years' imprisonment for kissing a white girl.

"Los Angeles, March 4.—Protests, threats of recall and denunciations poured in to-day upon Judge Willis of the criminal department of the Superior Court, in consequence of his action yesterday in sentencing to thirty years' imprisonment Charles Guyton, a youthful negro, who was convicted of highway robbery, although his only loot was a white girl's kiss."

Another woman suffrage State is Washington. There the women specialise in prudery rather than in ferocity. Spokane, a town of more than a hundred thousand people, lately elected the Rev. W. J. Hindley as Mayor, by means of the women's vote. The reverend gentleman agrees on almost every point with the Lamented Praise-god Barebone, but he hates dancing above all other things. Under his auspices a law has been passed forbidding any boy or girl under eighteen to dance at any public or semi-public dance. No person can give a dance without first obtaining a police permit. All dancing must end at a quarter to twelve. The lights cannot be turned down at a dance, however bright the moon may be.

Mr. Belfort Bax and some other writers have tried to prove that women voters are especially hard on men, and desire to punish them more severely than women. I think that is an error. The women of New Zealand are now clamouring for a law to punish every woman who "ruins" a boy under eighteen. I am convinced that in a few years we shall see many boys and girls of sixteen or less sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for committing "rape" on one another.

After carefully observing the operation of woman suffrage I have come to the conclusion that it would do very little harm if

there were no more victories for twenty years in English-speaking countries. Nothing is more disgraceful than to pretend that woman suffrage has thus far produced good results. If the woman suffrage leaders were persons of true humanity and enlightenment, they would turn their attention to California and the other places where women now vote, and let the women voters there understand very plainly that they must change their ways.

Kelowna, Brit. Col.

R. B. KERR.

DIVINE INSPIRATION.

To the Editor THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

In his article on "Le Latin Mystique," Mr. Richard Aldington says of the poems belonging to religious service, they "were works of art, not works of 'divine' origin."

I know what he means, and have no quarrel with that.

But why separate "art" and "divine"?

To me it has always seemed that much is called "art" which is really only "craft." That a man may be a fine workman and very talented, without creating a real work of art. That art is a word too easily used and too little understood.

I may be wrong, but to me there is no difference between "a work of art" and "a work of Divine origin." And I am not meaning quite what Wilde meant when he said that Jesus was an artist. Yet every prophet and every founder of every religion has of necessity been a very great artist, and always a poet of the first order.

I hold that those parts of the Bible (or of the Vedās or of any other holy book) which are commonly said to have been written by "Divine inspiration"—by "the hand of God"—were in reality so written, and, moreover, that every work of real art was so written, and will always be so written till the world ends.

Haweis has said: "The arts are the keyboard of the soul's instrument"—and that a work of art is "the work of the soul's hand."

Carlyle says that an artist is "A winged messenger from the Infinite Unknown with tidings for us."

Geddes says (from the standpoint of biology) that the real artist is the normal man. He allows, also, that there may be, and are, types which he classifies as Super-Norms. Those are the gods. Those are the Jesus, Buddha, Krishna—men who undoubtedly have lived, and whose art was so great that they have made generations of men and women most passionately feel the touch of their "soul's hand." And, in the awakening of this New Era of ours, there is every possibility that such a man may once again appear among us. A poet, "a man whose eyes are those of a leader of men," "red-haired," "Godlike with great brows," "with passionate lips, of gigantic will and indomitable energy, a born fighter and overthrewer, young also and enthusiastic . . ." and he will lead, as Jesus led 2000 years before; and all the normal men and women will be "divinely inspired" and will sing of him and with him in words, and paint, and marble, and stone, in colour and in music, and every word of his and of theirs will be of "Divine origin"—as indeed are every word and every line created by His forerunners to-day. The wondrous works of the Divine originator are discovered and interpreted by scientists, by poets, painters, sculptors or musicians, who catch and weave the shuttle of the Miracle Worker, whom to-day we call Nature; whom the Jews of old (and of to-day) knew as "The Lord our God, Creator of the Fruit of the Vine, King of the Universe, Creator of Love, Friendship and Understanding."

That which wells up in our inmost being, and which we who are artists strive to share with others—especially with those we love—what is it, if it is not of "Divine" origin?

Mr. Aldington can't get out of it so easily by calling it "art," or by calling its manifestation "a work of art"! I call upon him to tell us about the origin of works of art: if they are not Divine, what are they?

London.

AMELIA DEFRIES.

[I must confess that I fail to see how any of these generalities can possibly concern me or the arts. If Geddes and Carlyle and Haweis say the things which Miss Defries attributes to them then it is obvious that they are submerged in Victorian slush and do not concern us.

And I am called upon to say definitely what is the origin of a work of art. I should say some definite experience, emotional or physical. That is merely a guess; it would be easier to say "This is a mystery and all answers are equally heretical."

This kind of "Divine inspiration" business has been and is the damnation of the arts in England. Flaubert seeking with toil and concentrated genius for the "exact word" is a more "inspiring" spectacle to an artist than Mr. Haweis playing with "the keyboard of the soul's instrument" or Carlyle claiming acquaintance with the "Infinite Unknown." Generalised rhodomantade à la Oscar Wilde and the Old Testament is so easy to do that no artist wastes his time doing it; the difficulty—the real problem for the artist—is to present the exact emotion, the exact vision, the exact image. All great poets are exact; they give their emotions, their experiences, their observations, in exact phraseology. Thus Dante does not spend his time in general reflections on the bitterness and misfortunes of unhappy love; he simply shows you Paolo and Francesca in hell, he makes them tell

their story quite directly and simply, and the pathos is infinitely greater than an ocean of Carlyles and Geddes could attain with their method. I cite also Catullus, Theocritus and the Greek melic poets.

As to "divine origin," I have no doubt God can write the best prose and the best poetry, but since it is dull to read nothing but one's own books God doubtless prefers that men should practise the arts without his interference.

If the Saviour of the World has red hair I do not think I shall accept him.

This much can be said. A work of art is so precisely because it is not divine or inspired or supernatural in any way. In the case of literature a work of art is the record of an experience, an emotion, an observation; its value as art depends upon the method of presentation. If the method is untrained, amateurish, not precise, the result is a collection of vague generalities which only torment the reader by seeming to mean something they do not mean; if the method is trained, precise, hard, the result is an exact impression which is satisfactory to the reader and stimulating to his imagination.

Personally I would rather make five new "images" than found a new religion of Abstractions with capital letters. That, however, is merely personal taste; I take no pleasure in theosophy and the words of Mrs. Besant leave me cold.

"To generalise is to be an idiot; to particularise is the distinction of merit" (Blake).

RICHARD ALDINGTON.]

MR. JOSEPH McCABE.

To the Editor THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

Agreeing as I do with every other word in Mr. R. B. Kerr's letter I protest against Mr. Joseph McCabe being called a "male Miss Pankhurst." I have not read his remarks about Voltaire, but he has been an intimate friend of mine for fourteen years. Even Miss Pankhurst's book is remarkable for the fact that she scarcely alleges any motive for chastity except the avoidance of venereal disease, and nothing else whatever is suggested as a restraint upon illegal unions.

London.

E. S. P. HAYNES.

MARRIAGE.

To the Editor THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

To take our critics in the order as they appear in your last issue: it seems that our correspondence with "H. S. C." consists of little beyond a figurative shaking of hands in which we are charmed to participate. There is however one thing that we hate about him in common with your correspondent "R. R. W." and almost all other writers on tabooed subjects, namely, their propensity for initials or pseudonyms instead of real names. There may, of course, be circumstances in the private lives of correspondents which demand it, and about which we know nothing, and have no right to question, but at any rate we can claim that the sex of the writer on sexual subjects should be made known.

As a matter of purely private interest we should like to know the reliable source of the information "H. S. C." quotes when mentioning the Catholic Church. We had not heard of it and it interests us. Also we should like to know if he is referring to the Roman or English Catholic Church. We wish to thank him wholeheartedly for the rest of his third paragraph, every word of which we should like to have said ourselves, and consider most true. Regarding the question he puts to us in his fourth paragraph: it is of course impossible to form any real percentage of such a private matter, and one can only make a guess from one's own hearsay experiences so to speak. In the woman's case probably 10 per cent., and this only during the first years of her marriage, or, strange to say, after those first years have expired. In the case of men probably 98 per cent. and this generally for the whole period of their cohabitation. We agree with him that the woman has one of the strongest possible cases for dissatisfaction if her husband does not make it his duty to assist her to complete relaxation, and that it is generally owing to the man's selfishness or ignorance if this is not achieved.

In reply to "R. R. W." You, yourself, Madam, have suffered constantly, we notice, from the strange and popular desire of people to pigeon-hole and docket each other, with the inscription, "This is a —ist." Will not some psychologist tell us what this extraordinary and useless craving indicates? "R. R. W." impales us, willy-nilly, upon the Rationalist file and leaves us fluttering like butterflies upon a pin. He is impertinent enough to put words into our mouths which were not there, to the effect that a morality is irrational. Once for all we want to be known by our own names, and no more crave to be irrationally classed as Rationalists than as Conservatives or Radicals, Atheists or Mohammedans, Saints or Sinners.

His declaration to the effect that if a certain kind of conduct has been considered moral it is an excellent reason against any change being made in regard to it brings tears to our eyes—it is so like something else we have heard about what was good enough for one's grandfather etc.

Now, owing to our not having stated our sex more definitely, our rather hot-headed critic plunges hot-footed into a trap which indeed we did not wittingly set. It is evidently past his com-

prehension that any woman worthy of the name (perhaps he uses the word lady) could be capable of writing, much less signing her name to an unhesitating letter such as our last to you on this holy and indecent subject—Sex. With all apologies we beg him to read our signature at the end of this letter; after that he can go ahead to his heart's content with his disagreeing (i.e. with him abusive) adjectival form of discussion which is so much more customary than enlightening.

"R. R. W." asks for proofs as to the correctness of our statements. There is unfortunately not room in your paper for us to oblige him, but we would refer him to Dr. Havelock-Ellis' "Psychology of Sex" in six volumes, and a dozen other such books, which we would lend him if he is really and sincerely desirous of knowing the nearest approach to truth on this subject. But, with all due deference, we fear that, judging from his letter, this is not the case; he rather belongs to those who seek only the picturesque, in the sport of hunting dangerous game such as truth, which they indulge in so long as they do not run the risk of coming up with the quarry.

However, when we said that it had been quite forgotten that the sexual needs of women are quite as great as those of men, in reply to "R. R. W.'s" question, "When was it generally remembered?" we must reply that we cannot tell him; indeed, we think that our first statement was a little inaccurate even, inasmuch as proofs exist that it has never been quite forgotten amongst any peoples. But for information as to when and where it was so among European nations we again refer him to Dr. Havelock-Ellis' work.

He wishes to be a humble and submissive student, but says he cannot swallow such things whole. We do not want him to swallow things whole, but to chew them. As a matter of fact he is spitting them out because they are superficially bitter to his palate.

The parallel drawn between bitches and some women is not justifiable biologically as he supposes. Bitches are only fertile when they are on heat, and dogs only seek them at that time. Women, if they are healthy, are capable of fertilisation all through their sexual lives, and even occasionally when they are already pregnant; this is roughly speaking. We think, however, that it is only in man, and perhaps in one or two of the apes that the sexual needs, generally amounting to desires in healthy cases, of the females are quite as great as those of the males, even though more diffused, and in our opinion there is every "reason to believe that there are fundamental differences" between man and the rest of animals in this respect.

"R. R. W." also says that it is a significant fact that all these sweeping statements are made by men. (Does this disclose the sex of the writer?) In reply we once more refer him to our signature, and also refer him to many feminine statements and expressions, both printed and in MS., to try to prove to him the fallacy of the popular remark of which he is making such hasty use. He has fallen into the common error of accepting an equally popular idea and quoting it as his own, without original study of the subject, when he says that only women are paid in prostitution. As a matter of fact it is a very much more common thing for the matter to be inverted than is generally thought, and historically surely, if "R. R. W." cudgels his brains, he cannot be unaware of this fact. There are many paid male prostitutes to women, and though it seems on the face of it a separate subject, he may find upon inquiry amongst legal and medical men the opinion generally held that there are perhaps more cases of boys' and men's seduction by women than vice versa.

Your correspondent really must read more before he indulges so freely in sweeping statements. He asks for the opinions of women on the feelings of women.

One of the signatories attached to this letter is that of a woman, and in appending her name to it she believes that she is the mouthpiece of nine-tenths of the women she has known intimately.

We might add that in the correspondence columns of THE EGOIST we had hoped to find a common vocabulary for both men and women, and also a common code of courtesy. Personal vituperation in discussion, harmless though it may be as an irritant, and usual though it is, is more conducive to misunderstanding than to the acquirement of the enlightenment which "R. R. W." asserts that he seeks.

Finally we must ask "R. R. W." for his definition of "obscene." Huysmans has said "Only the chaste can be really obscene."

BEEBAN AND NOEL TEULON PORTER.

Cambridge.

(A married couple.)

A QUESTION.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

I would like "H. S. C." to substantiate his assertion that the Roman Catholic Church permits wives to finish the sexual act left incomplete by their husbands. I do not place any doubt on "H. S. C.'s" veracity or good faith but would like him to give some proof of his contention and on what text, for instance, he has founded it. I am a Roman Catholic and this is the first time I have heard of the tolerance referred to.

Paris.

C. S. H.

NOTE.

[A letter from the Rev. Steven T. Byington is unavoidably held over owing to lack of space.—Ed.]

READY APRIL.

BLAST

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